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Fall 2011

PHOTO ESSAY

Ride a UP freight with Richard Steinheimer

Tragic wreck on the Southern, 1926

Steam on PRR's Elmira Branch

A C&NW fireman's 'Summer of Love'

H. K. Vollrath: Railroader and photographer

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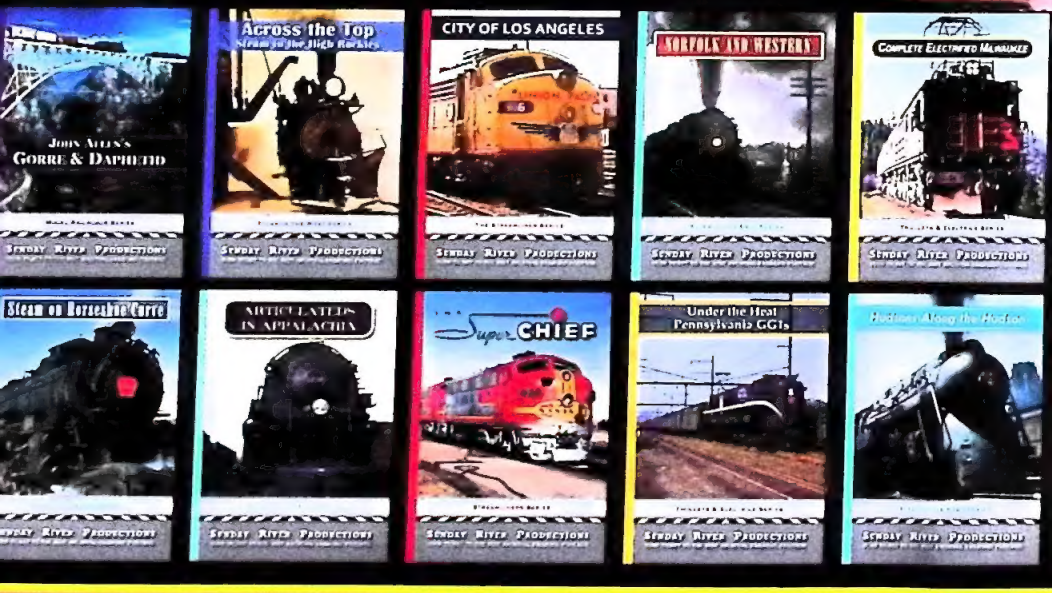

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Editor's Page

Railroaders' ties that bind

Several stories in this issue touch on the bonds railroaders shared with each other and the wider world.

Dick Steinheimer, when he rode UP's Park City mixed [pages 22–29], observed the crew's "considered and open views about the things and people around them." During a summer as a fireman on the North Western [pages 30–35], Michael Gross found comradeship where he least expected it. The tragic collision of two Southern passenger trains, described by Ed King on pages 36–43, was generally viewed by employees and the public with sympathy and understanding. Retired engineer Jack Elwood relates a tale on pages 58–61 of a teenage girl, housebound by illness, whose waves to Santa Fe trains passing her house were repaid with a thousand kindnesses from across the Los Angeles Division. Harold K. Vollrath, profiled by Fred Furminger on pages 62–69, remembers the railroaders from the 1930s onward who nurtured his passion for their field, and helped him become one of them.

The timbers beneath the rails are not the only ties that bind on the railroad.

Robert S. McGonigal

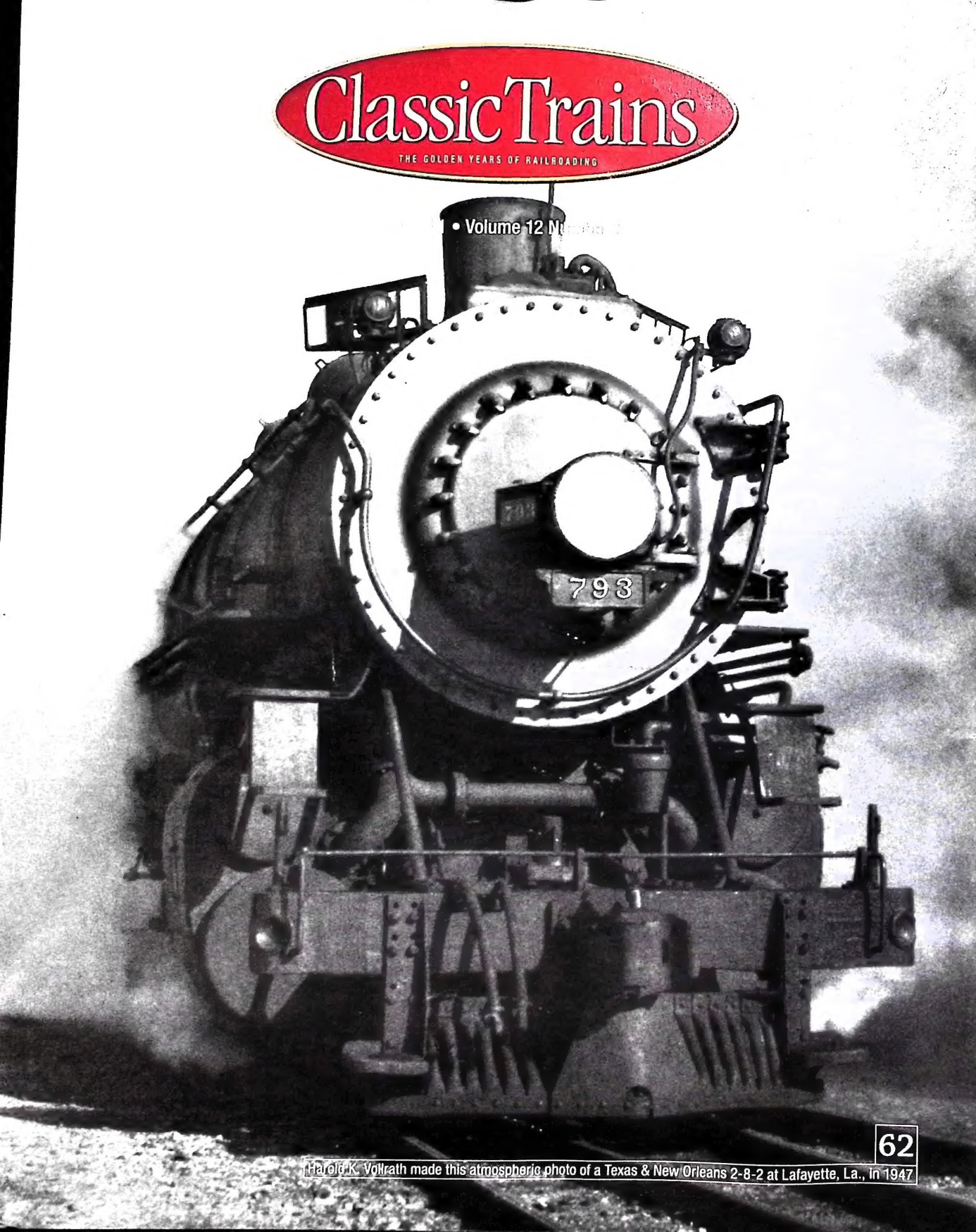
In it together: At Watkins Glen, N.Y., on PRR's Elmira Branch, the crew of a local freight watches an I1 pass with empty coal hoppers in 1956.

Jim Shaughnessy

Classic Trains

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

• Volume 12 N



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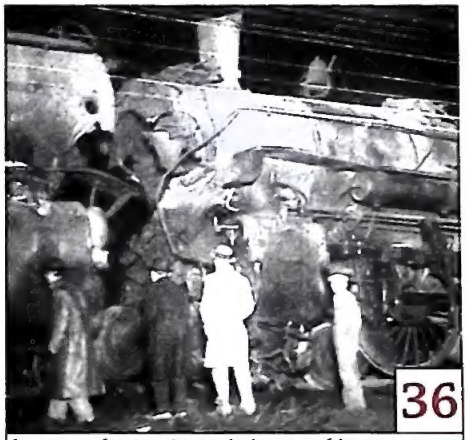
Harold K. Vollrath made this atmospheric photo of a Texas & New Orleans 2-8-2 at Lafayette, La., in 1947

Learning about life by dancing in a diesel cab



Lessons from a tragedy borne of human error

Jill and Orrie: ill teenager and crusty engineer

CB&Q's modern station for modern trains

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CB&Q's 1940 stone depot was in keeping with the *Zephyrs*' image

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On the cover: The conductor on Union Pacific's Ogden–Park City mixed train tends to paperwork in his caboose as the locomotive switches cars at Morgan, Utah. Photographer Richard Steinheimer rode the caboose as a paying passenger in February 1953 (see page 20).

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Contributors

JACK O. ELWOOD ["The Little White Frame House by the Tracks," pages 58–61], a retired Santa Fe engineman who lives in Fresno, Calif., has had eight bylines in CLASSIC TRAINS beginning in 2003, including our Special Editions and this article, on which he was helped by friend and fellow Santa Fe historian **STAN KISTLER**. Stan received the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's Photography Award in 1996. He is a charter member of the original Santa Fe Railway Historical Society, which in 2009 published his book, *Stan Kistler's Santa Fe in Black and White*. Retired from a 55-year career in photo labs, commercial and industrial photography, and graphic arts, Stan lives in Grass Valley, Calif., with his wife, Brenda. He has had six bylines of his own in CLASSIC TRAINS.

FRED B. FURMINGER ["Great Photographers: Harold K. Vollrath," pages 62–69] retired in 2000 from a career as an advertising sales executive. In his spare time, he has worked with a firm cleaning up train derailments and as an engineer and conductor/brakeman on western New York short lines. Fred owns a track-maintenance motor car, which he has run extensively throughout North America. He lives with his wife, Phyllis, in Depew, N.Y., near Buffalo. Although he and Vollrath had corresponded and talked since the early 1970s, the two first met about 20 years ago after Fred's son moved to Kansas City, where Vollrath lives. This is Fred's second story in CLASSIC TRAINS, following a piece in our Winter 2008 issue about NYC steam.

STEVE GLISCHINSKI ["Classics Today: A Grand Display," page 76] is a prolific rail photographer and author living in suburban St. Paul with his wife, Lori, and their son, Andy. This is his seventh article in CLASSIC TRAINS.

MICHAEL GROSS ["Summer of Love," pages 30–35] is an actor living near Los Angeles. He is perhaps best known for his work on TV's *Family Ties* and his many *Tremors* films. Michael is a past spokesman for Operation Lifesaver, a current spokesman for The World's Greatest Hobby campaign, the B&O Railroad Museum, and an active member of the Santa Fe Railway Historical & Modeling Society. He and his wife Elza are part owners of New Mexico's Santa Fe Southern Railway. This is Michael's first article in CLASSIC TRAINS.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER ["La Crosse's Streamlined Station," pages 72–75] grew up on Milwaukee's northwest side. His mother was raised in La Crosse, so they vacationed there for a couple of weeks each year, visiting relatives. Joe and his father, from whom he inherited interest in trains, model railroads, and photography, would hang around Grand Crossing Tower. Joe received an engineering degree from the University of Wisconsin in Madison and now is retired from a 35-year career with General Motors. Joe, pictured standing at the old CB&Q La Crosse station site, lives with his wife, Mary, in Carmel, Ind., a suburb of Indianapolis. Though Joe has had many photos in CLASSIC TRAINS, this is his first byline with us.

ED KING ["First 2 + 101 = Disaster," pages 36–43] is a retired railroader living in Florida. An accomplished rail book and magazine author, Ed has had many articles published in TRAINS, and he was a TRAINS columnist, "The Boomer," appropriate since his railroad employers included N&W (his hometown road in Bristol, Va.), USRA, Rock Island, and Soo Line. This is Ed's 11th byline in a CLASSIC TRAINS publication.

ROBERT E. MOHOWSKI ["Fallen Flags Remembered: Lehigh Valley," pages 16–19], retired from a 34-year career in public education, recently relocated, with his wife Pat, from New Jersey to the Saratoga Springs, N.Y., area. Avid travelers in the U.S. and Europe, they have two adult sons and four grandchildren. Upon retirement, Bob spent several years in graduate studies of American and European intellectual history. Bob has written two books on the Ontario & Western, a history of the Susquehanna, and many magazine articles, and is currently researching Erie Railroad's Wyoming Division. This is his fifth article in CLASSIC TRAINS.

JIM SHAUGHNESSY ["The Shaughnessy Files: Hippo Country," pages 52–57] has contributed a "Shaughnessy Files" article to each issue of CLASSIC TRAINS since Fall 2007.

RICHARD STEINHEIMER ["Steinheimer Rides the Park City Local," pages 20–29], who died in May 2011, was one of the most talented and prolific of all rail photographers. The tall, gentle man who would become revered as *the*

California rail photographer was born in Chicago and came west with his parents. He studied photography at City College of San Francisco and wielded a camera during a hitch in the Navy. Dick, or "Stein," began contributing to TRAINS in the late 1940s, and was a major presence in its pages throughout the 1950s, '60s, and '70s, a period during which he also published several landmark books. Professionally, he was a newspaper and industrial photographer and also did freelance work for railroads. The recipient of many awards and honors, he was the "Great Photographer" in our Winter 2004 issue. Photographer **SHIRLEY BURMAN** (seen with Dick in a 2004 photo by David Lustig) married Dick in 1984, and the two collaborated on numerous projects until the late 1990s. She is cataloguing his extensive body of work.

LARRY THOMAS ["Bird's-Eye View: St. Louis Union Station," pages 70–71] is the longtime editor of the Terminal Railroad Association (TRRA) Historical & Technical Society's magazine, a publication devoted to the history of all St. Louis railroads, especially their passenger trains. During college, he clerked for the Illinois Terminal at McKinley Junction, Ill. After earning a BA from John Brown University, Larry began a career teaching high school English in Kansas. He later worked in the oil business in Oklahoma City, and now works for Blue Cross Blue Shield in St. Louis. His next project for the "Terminal Society's" annual softcover book is the story of the *Zephyr Rocket*. This is Larry's first CLASSIC TRAINS byline. ■

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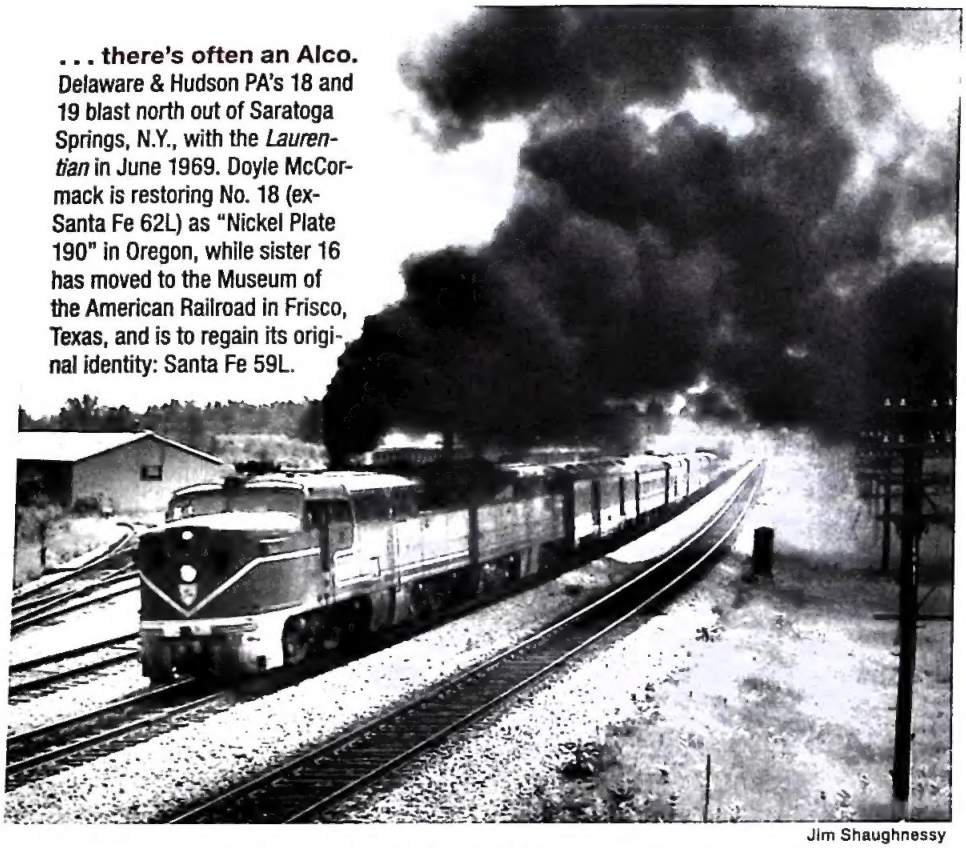
Where there's smoke . . .

. . . there's often an Alco. Delaware & Hudson PA's 18 and 19 blast north out of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., with the *Laurentian* in June 1969. Doyle McCormack is restoring No. 18 (ex-Santa Fe 62L) as "Nickel Plate 190" in Oregon, while sister 16 has moved to the Museum of the American Railroad in Frisco, Texas, and is to regain its original identity: Santa Fe 59L.



Jim Shaughnessy

The Rock's windy welcome

Bill Fahrenwald

Poor Rock Island. Chicago RI officials made up a big banner lettered THE ROCK WELCOMES CONRAIL on the giant eastern carrier's first day, April 1, 1976. The plan was to have the first CR train to enter RI's South Chicago yards burst through the banner in an upbeat "ta-da!" moment for two roads whose future seemed cloudy at best. Alas, it was a blustery April Fool's Day in the Windy City, and the banner began to rip as soon as it was raised. Not to be defeated by the elements, officials ended up running the tattered sign over the train's ex-Penn Central GP40. Four years later, the Rock shut down, while Conrail was still finding its way.

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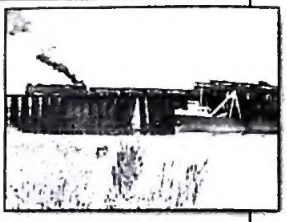
Pennsy Elmira Branch photos



See more Jim Shaughnessy photos [pages 52–57] of PRR class I1 "Hippos" and other power on the Elmira Branch in 1956 and '57.

CLASSIC TRAINS Forum

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Video: C&NW action

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Obituaries

Richard Steinheimer

The dean of western railroad photographers, Richard Steinheimer, died May 4 at age 81 in Sacramento after suffering from Alzheimer's disease for a decade. His work—by turns majestic and intimate, but always powerful and fresh—has been widely published, and celebrated, since the late 1940s. For more on "Stein" and his wife and photographic collaborator Shirley Burman, see the previous page.

Curtis L. Katz

Amtrak car attendant, cartoonist, and author Curt Katz, 57, died April 9 of leukemia. For years he delighted passengers on long-haul trains with his on-board commentary. His comic strips appeared in the magazines *Passenger Train Journal* (1987–90) and *Railfan & Railroad* (1991–2009). He had three articles in CLASSIC TRAINS; a fourth, on railroad-sponsored radio programs, awaits publication.

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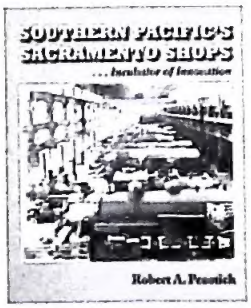

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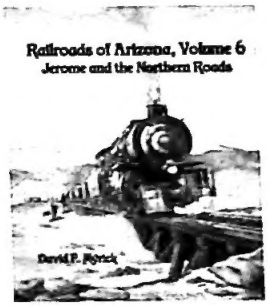

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Sunset for the Limiteds

Summer '11 CLASSIC TRAINS is great, perhaps your best issue ever. The six articles in the Amtrak transition section were superb. During February–April 1971 I was doing the same thing J. David Ingles was doing ["Ride 'Em While You Can," pages 32-43], just a bit to the east, basing my forays out of Washington's Union Station. I'm a native of Cincinnati, so his remembrances of Queen City trains brought back fond memories. As for William Benning Stewart's great article on NYC's *Castle Valley* on the Bee Line ["Ghost Train to Cleveland," pages 44-49], any author who knowingly writes of the famous collaboration between Nelson Riddle and Frank Sinatra on "I've Got You Under My Skin" is "first class" to me.

Rick Wright, Burke, Va.

Joseph H. Hunter

Milwaukee Road was among the pre-Amtrak passenger carriers that still cared. A mixed set of E9-F7B-FP7-FP7 leads a long *Morning Hiawatha* west in Brookfield, Wis., on March 27, 1970.

In Dave Ingles' fine article, he erred slightly in regard to the "Long Bridge" over the Potomac River [page 36]. The RF&P owned, maintained, and operated all trackage south of the bridge, which itself was owned by PRR/PC/Conrail. The catenary was another situation; it was owned and maintained by PRR and successors since they were the only users. The RF&P dispatcher in Richmond controlled all interlockings, the northernmost being RO just south of the bridge. The catenary was still in place but out of service when I joined the RF&P in 1985. A Tropicana Juice Train derailed in Potomac Yard one morning and the cars were severely damaged by the concrete catenary foundations. We tried to get Conrail to remove the catenary, but it would not, so the RF&P bought it for $1, as is, where is, and paid a contractor to tear it down. We then sold the copper wire at a handsome profit!

Sid Johnson, Madison, Fla.

A point of clarification regarding Dave Ingles' April 24, 1971, trip on B&O No. 5 from Washington to Cumberland [page 39]: His "sketchy notes" failed him—C&O sleeper 2638 *City of Clifton Forge* was retired in 1969. The sleeper he saw was C&O 2620 *City of Charleston*. The lunch-counter-diner-obs is correctly identified as C&O 1922, Budd-built for Robert R. Young's planned *Chessie*, but the car never had a name. B&O's *Dana* began life as C&O's 1950 PS-built *Shenandoah Club*. It was sold to B&O in 1951 and assigned to the Washington–Detroit *Ambassador*.

William F. Howes, Jacksonville, Fla.

Don Phillips' "The Road to Rescue" [pages 22-31] is an excellent description of the circumstances that led up to Amtrak's creation in 1971. One item needs clarification. Don's statement, "McClellan said one of the most necessary decisions in forming Amtrak—and also the greatest mistake—was to call it a for-profit corporation," is not completely accurate. Rather, Secretary Volpe and those of us working for him drafted the following words that were incorporated in Section 301 of the Rail Passenger Service Act: "The Corporation shall be *operated and managed* [my emphasis added] as a for-profit corporation, the purpose of which shall be to provide intercity rail passenger service, employing innovative operating and marketing concepts so as to fully develop the potential of modern rail service in meeting the Nation's intercity passenger transportation requirements. The Corporation will not be an agency or establishment of the U.S. Government."

There is a big difference between saying we called it a for-profit corporation and saying we said it should be operated and managed as a for-profit corporation. Because the public, however incorrectly, ended up believing we had said it would be a for-profit corporation, McClellan is not that far wrong.

Steven R. Ditmeyer, Alexandria, Va.

I was surprised to not see the Milwaukee Road, from which I'm a retired locomotive engineer, mentioned [page 23] as one that maintained a high level of passenger service prior to Amtrak. To the end, we ran clean, fast, on-time trains with friendly employees.

John O. Gieske, Prescott, Ariz.

I closely followed efforts to discontinue Burlington trains 41 and 42 between Omaha and Billings, Mont. [page 24]. As noted, No. 41 was discontinued en route at Hemingford, Nebr., August 14, 1969, the day a federal court order of January 13, 1969, was lifted. Before opponents could get a chance to obtain

another, CB&Q discontinued the trains immediately. No. 42 hadn't left Billings and was annulled. But U.S. Rep. Glenn Cunningham (R-Nebr.) was not aboard No. 41 as was reported. The August 16 *Omaha World-Herald* said he and his son were vacationing at Fort Robinson State Park near Crawford, Nebr., having ridden No. 41 out two days before the last run; they planned to return to Omaha by rail. Cunningham said he called the ICC and "raised the dickens."

U.S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black issued another restraining order later on the 14th keeping the trains running until Justice Byron White, who heard appeals from the area, could act. While CB&Q had doubts that a train legally discontinued could be ordered back into service, No. 41 left Omaha again that night and No. 42 left Billings on the 15th. White denied a petition to keep the trains running while the court considered an appeal, and the last departures occurred August 24, 1969.

Regarding the M&StL photos on pages 80-81 in "Photo Section," the red and white utilized on its last livery happen to be the colors of the University of Nebraska, alma mater of M&StL's last president, Albert W. Schroeder.

Michael M. Bartels, Lincoln, Nebr.

"The *Metroliners* also often swayed and bounced like a cork, sometimes throwing people against seats as they walked through" [page 27] sounds like today's *Acela Express*, and reveals that not much has changed 40 years later. Thanks for another masterpiece from Don Phillips.

Samuel A. Jennings, Washington, D.C.

The "Sunset for the Limiteds" section was bittersweet for me. Sweet because it resurrected fond memories of train trips I made in my youth, but bitter because when everyone else was taking a last pre-Amtrak trip on doomed routes, I was in the Army in Fort Belvoir, Va., doing before-dawn pushups.

The only pre-Amtrak journey I made was aboard the caboose of B&O's "legally mixed" freight No. 103 from Parkersburg to Huntington, W.Va., with five other foolhardy railfans on the night of February 19-20, 1971. My most lasting memory of that trip involved a college

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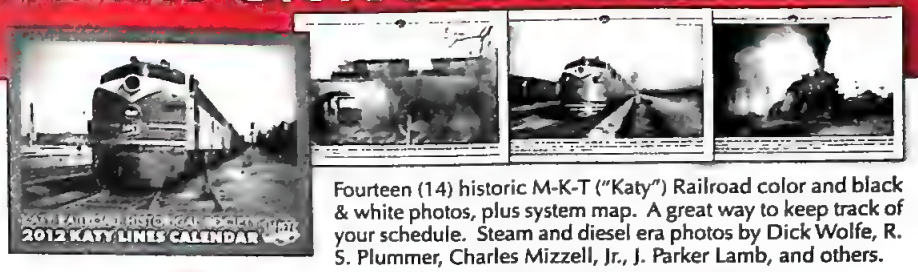

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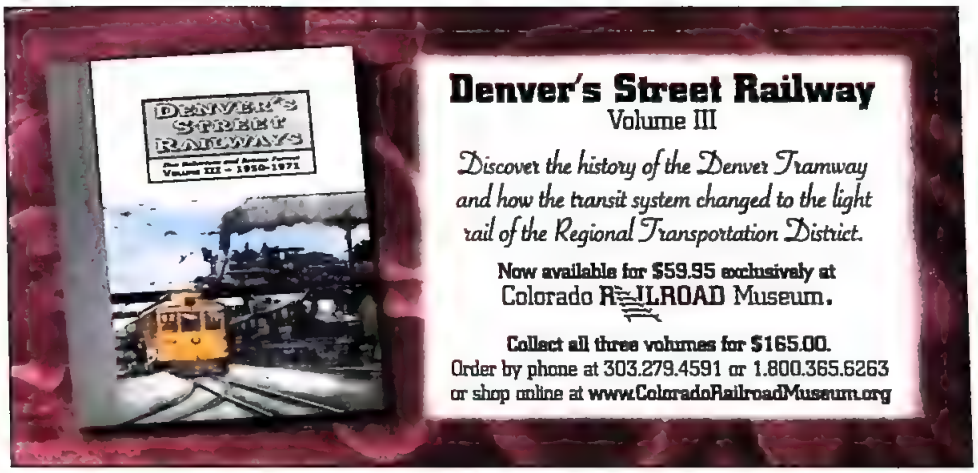

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student who had never been on a caboose and who, before the crew reported for work, found a box of fusees. He couldn't figure out what they were until he lit one in the middle of 19th Street and illuminated Parkersburg's north side like a battlefield, which attracted a curious police cruiser.

Bob Withers, Huntington, W.Va.

I note the U.S. passenger rail maps of April 30 and May 1, 1971 [page 29] do not show Soo Line's mixeds, which operated well past the start-up of Amtrak into the 1980s and were just as legitimate as those on Union Pacific and Georgia Road, although by the 1960s, Soo Line had replaced combines with cabooses for accommodation.

Otto P. Dobnick, Waukesha, Wis.

¶ *Our April 30 map also omitted the B&O West Virginia "caboose mixed" mentioned in the previous letter. The B&O and Soo services, though listed in the* Official Guide, *involved no dedicated equipment or facilities.—R.S.M.*

The Alpha crossroads

The "True Color" spread [pages 16-17] showing a CB&Q waycar crossing the diamond at Alpha, Ill., caught my eye. I was the Methodist pastor in Alpha from 1976 to '78. By then the depot was gone, and the diamond where the Q's Galva–New Boston branch crossed BN's "Peavine" had been replaced by turnouts. The caption states the New Boston branch had been cut back to Alpha–Joy by 1962, but the line also still went east from Alpha to Woodhull to serve a customer. It was seldom used, but a parishioner of mine was moving a small building through Woodhull on a rare day when the train was in town, and he got stuck in crossing the track and his building became a victim.

Richard Leonard, Hamilton, Ill.

Seaboard: Railroad or airline?

I enjoyed Larry Goolsby's "Colorful, Fast Seaboard Air Line," in "Fallen Flags Remembered" [pages 18-21], but I have a question regarding a *Silver Meteor* ad in my 1941 *Official Guide* reprint, in which the emblem has "Seaboard Railway" but lacks the words "Air Line." A 1964 timetable emblem for "Seaboard

Railroad" had those words restored.

David Brant, Seattle, Wash.

¶ SAL was "Railway" 1900-46, including a 1930-46 bankruptcy, and "Railroad" 1946-67, but omitting "Air Line" in the ad emblem likely was just to avoid confusion with true air carriers.—R.S.M.

Southern Railway's class

Karl Zimmermann's story about trips on the *Southern Crescent* ["Streamliner Curtain Calls," pages 64-69] brought back more than a few memories. Like Karl, I too met and talked briefly with Southern Head Chef Louis Price. At the close of our conversation he confided, "Only 6 weeks more and I'm retiring after 38 years." The occasion was a post-Thanksgiving weekend 1978 trip north from Atlanta, which was destined to be either Mr. Price's second-to-last or last northbound trip prior to the *Crescent*'s wreck on December 2. The tragic news of his death in that wreck hit me especially hard, as I had considered staying in Atlanta another couple of days and could have been on that train.

Saddened, I wrote a brief condolence note to "Mrs. Louis Price, c/o Southern Railway, Atlanta, Ga.," and mailed it. Imagine my surprise when, two weeks later, a note-sized envelope with the return address of "Office of the President, Southern Railway System, Washington, D.C." arrived. Inside was a note from Southern President L. Stanley Crane! Not only had Southern forwarded my note to Mr. Price's widow—from whom I also received a handwritten thank-you note—but apparently let it be known to Mr. Crane's executive staff as well.

That response represents a way of doing business—including both appreciating your customers and acknowledging the efforts of your employees—that has largely passed in America. And we are truly the poorer for it.

Carl Byron, Groton, Mass.

Summer stumbles

- Page 16: New Boston, Ill., is on the Mississippi River, not the Illinois River.
- Page 37: PC electric locomotive 4622 was a class P-2a, not a class T.
- Page 77: The C&O E8's in the Detroit "Bird's-Eye View" were for the *Sportsman*, not the *George Washington*.

Got a comment?

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K[illegible]sas City's first flyover

In recent years, BNSF Railway, Kansas City Terminal Railroad, the city, and Missouri joined to build two flyover bridges, and Union Pacific built a third. But they weren't K.C.'s first—this one is. This KCT line includes a double-deck moveable bridge over the Kansas ("Kaw") River at Santa Fe Junction, a mile west of Union Station. The top tracks carried mainly Rock Island trains over two busy north-south lines, one Frisco's main and the other a KCT route used by transfers of many of K.C.'s 12 Class 1's. (The bridge's lower tracks saw mostly transfers.) In June 1969, a westbound RI train approaches the span, soaring over open auto-racks. Today, trains on BNSF's ex-Santa Fe "Transcon" here fly over both this high-level approach and ground-level tracks. Finished in 2004, it's the third of the newer ones, after two at Sheffield Junction in eastern K.C. Those carry the Transcon, and UP's east access to Neff Yard, over UP and Kansas City Southern. As usual in railroading, there was a precedent.

H. G. "Hank" Goerke

Lehigh Valley: more than meets the eye

Anthracite coal, dual gauge, focus on its physical plant, and diesels all combine for a colorful history

Rich Taylor

Against the background of Lehigh Valley's main shops in Sayre, Pa., a grimy A-B-A trio of Alco FA's is ready to head east on November 10, 1963.

Without an ampersand, directional vector, or superlative in its title, the Lehigh Valley was a railroad of understated geographical reach. Its 440-mile New York–Buffalo line was slightly longer than competing routes of the Erie, New York Central, and Lackawanna, but shorter than the Pennsylvania's. LV's earliest component dated to 1836, but "the Valley" owed its existence to Asa Packer, a Connecticut Yankee who'd done well with canals and coal land investments. He got control of the Delaware, Lehigh, Schuylkill & Susquehanna Railroad and renamed it Lehigh Valley in 1851.

Expanding east to compete with Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.'s canal in hauling anthracite east, LV by 1855 went down its namesake river course from Mauch Chunk (present-day Jim Thorpe) to Easton, Pa. LV also built westward, paralleling LC&N's Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad. New coalfield branches assured future business.

LV and L&S both continued north over Penobscot Mountain and into the Susquehanna River valley. The 1.8 percent descent brought rails into Wilkes-Barre and the northern anthracite region, and LV's 1865 acquisition of the North Branch Canal provided a water grade northward. Track was laid on the towpath, aiming for the broad-gauge Erie Railroad at Waverly, N.Y.

From Waverly, LV partnered with Erie, opening an extension in 1869 to Elmira employing trackage rights and utilizing a third rail inside Erie's gauge. Erie hauled LV's trains to Buffalo until LV extended the third rail there in 1876. Cooperative connections from Philadelphia permitted through passenger service to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

The Valley is credited with the first 2-8-0 and 2-10-0 locomotives, heavy power for the day necessitated by LV's grades and growing general freight traffic. LV next built into New York's Finger Lakes region and connected to the NYC at Geneva. Acquisition of the Southern Central gave entry to Auburn and Fair Haven, N.Y., a Lake Ontario port for Canada-bound coal. The farms and towns of these feeder lines would absorb thousands of carloads of coal and other necessities as agricultural and manufactured products moved in the opposite direction. Prior to all-weather roads and motor vehicles, local rail service was essential for commercial, social, and political intercourse and national cohesion.

Lehigh Valley had relied on friendly connections east of the Delaware River until the Lackawanna shifted its coal traffic from the Jersey Central ["Fallen Flags Remembered," Winter 2010] to the Morris & Essex, which had also forwarded LV traffic to tidewater. CNJ responded by leasing the L&S, gaining a through route to Wilkes-Barre, so it too, no longer needed the LV. The Valley in turn leased New Jersey's Morris Canal, primarily for 60 harborside acres in Jersey City. The canal's circuitous, hilly cross-Jersey route was no railroad right of way, yet it did carry some LV coal east while the railroad wove together its own rails to the Atlantic.

Initially, LV's New Jersey Division was a linear patchwork of constructed and rented lines and trackage rights, but by 1900 they were amalgamated into a first-rate main line with several terminals. Perth Amboy, on Raritan Bay, became a major coal transshipping facility, and an arrangement with PRR provided entry to Exchange Place Station in Jersey City. LV's acquisition of National Docks Railway gave access to Constable Hook oil refineries and additional steamship business.

Anticipating its own route to Buffalo, LV acquired property there on Lake Erie. Packer's goal of an "Ocean to Lakes" railroad became a reality in 1892 when LV finished its own line to Buffalo, but its financial strength was sapped. The imperious Archibald A.

John H. Brinckmann Jr.

LV had the first 2-8-0's. Turn-of-the-century Camelback 719 works Perth Amboy in 1940.

By Robert E. Mohowski

McLeod's Philadelphia & Reading leased the LV that year in an effort to control anthracite mining and transportation. The 1893 financial panic ended McLeod's scheme, so LV, though still weak financially, was again its own master. Nonetheless, in 1896 the Valley inaugurated the *Black Diamond Express*, a luxury day train advertised as "The Handsomest Train in the World."

New leadership, diversification

In 1897, dissatisfied with LV's management, the Packer estate turned to J. P. Morgan to protect its investment. Infusing new capital and leadership, Morgan rebuilt the railroad. Scattered facilities were consolidated, and modern locomotives and cars arrived. Increasingly, cement and steel from the Lehigh region, and manufactures and imports from New York and New England were rolling westward as grain, lumber, merchandise, flour, meat, and produce moved east. Anthracite continued to move in both directions, but was no longer LV's major business.

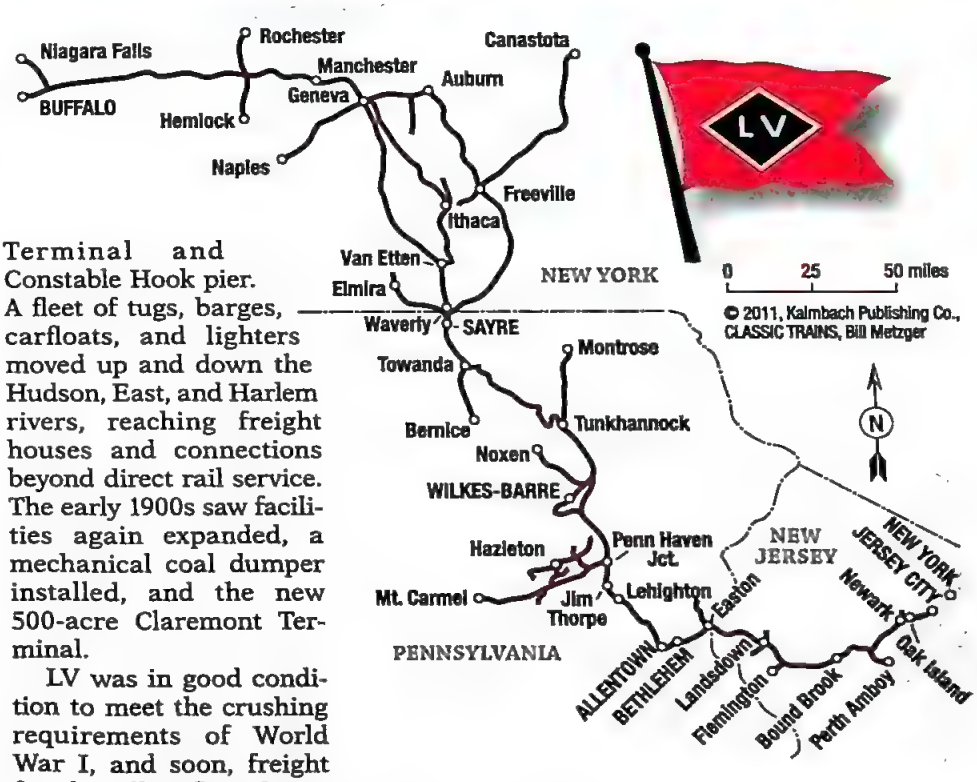
In 1903, construction began on Sayre Shops, a modern facility named to honor Chief Engineer Robert H. Sayre. LV engines were characterized by the wide Wootten firebox along with the Camelback design, inside-frame trailing trucks, overhanging ash hoppers, and twin sand domes. Wheel arrangements of 0-8-0, 4-6-0, 4-6-2, and 2-8-2 filled the roster; 2-10-2's came later. The early 1900s saw multiple-tracking, stronger bridges, grade realignments, stone ballasting, improved signaling, and increased yard capacity. LV remained competitive as trains became heavier, faster, safer, and more comfortable for the public.

That the Lehigh Valley was always foremost a freight carrier, though, is reflected in many instances. Lacking its own New York station, LV used PRR's Jersey City terminal until 1913, then moved to Jersey Central's down the Hudson at Communipaw. In 1918, by U.S. Railroad Administration edict, LV's through trains were rerouted to PRR's Penn Station in New York, although some locals remained on CNJ.

Harbor freight facilities included piers at the former Morris Canal Basin in Jersey City and the National Docks Terminal and Constable Hook pier. A fleet of tugs, barges, carfloats, and lighters moved up and down the Hudson, East, and Harlem rivers, reaching freight houses and connections beyond direct rail service. The early 1900s saw facilities again expanded, a mechanical coal dumper installed, and the new 500-acre Claremont Terminal.

Dick Steinbrenner

PA 613, one of 14, leads No. 28, the *John Wilkes*, at Flemington Junction, N.J., October 12, 1960.



LV was in good condition to meet the crushing requirements of World War I, and soon, freight for the Allies flowed into ports faster than ships could load it. Yards were choked, many holding munitions awaiting transshipment at LV's Black Tom Island facility. In July 1916, fire and explosions there resulted in $20 million damage extending well beyond the railroad, which alleged German sabotage. The traffic congestion led to creation of the USRA to oversee virtually all U.S. rail operations until 1920.

In 1916, LV built a new Buffalo passenger terminal and acquired property to build Tifft Yard. Federal rulings circa 1920 forced divestiture of LV's Great Lakes steamship line and coal holdings, though.

Dick Steinbrenner

Mike Bednar

Alcos seem to be LV's best-remembered diesels, though they comprised only one-third of the road's eventual 282 units; exactly half were EMD's. An RS3/RS2 duo leaves Easton, Pa. (top), in October 1960, and C628's are at East Penn Junction in Allentown with LV-4 on May 4, 1974.

The postwar period required another rehabilitation of LV's plant, rolling stock, and 1,000 locomotives. Included was a new tunnel through Musconetcong Mountain in New Jersey. The Claremont Terminal project cost $26 million, including a 3,500-foot pier that employed narrow-gauge electric shunters. A bridge over Newark Bay, shared with PRR, provided access. Government insistence on greater navigational clearance, however, forced the roads to build a higher span, which required the raising of Oak Island, LV's main area yard. Despite these expenditures, the Valley was a coveted stock investment, grossing $80 million in 1926.

Familiar ups and downs

Internal combustion power came to the Valley in the 1920s with diesel-electric switchers and self-propelled rail cars to meet anti-smoke ordinances. The road studied electrifying over Penobscot Mountain, but the Depression interfered. Although hard hit, LV was in better physical shape than many roads owing to its rebuilding programs.

The horizon was dark, though, as coal earnings continued to fall and highways drained passengers and freight. Trains were discontinued and lines abandoned, but federal aid was needed. These measures, plus stringent economy, reduced bond interest, while extended maturity dates kept bankruptcy at bay. To hold customers, LV improved schedules with new 4-8-2's and 4-8-4's, and its *Asa Packer, John Wilkes,* and *Black Diamond* were modernized with upgraded equipment.

LV's ocean terminals and proximity to defense facilities made for big demands during World War II. Coordinated, secret movements from bases to seaports ran daily. Enemy submarines forced petroleum shipments to rail, helping boost traffic to a peak 43 million tons in 1944. The next year, LV acquired four FT A-B road diesels, and by fall 1951 it was dieselized, mostly with Alcos and EMD's, plus some Baldwins. All wore an attractive dark "Cornell" red (for the university in on-line Ithaca) and black scheme.

Two 1951 Budd RDC's for branchline trains were LV's only lightweight streamlined passenger equipment. From the 1950s on, LV continually reduced facilities, branches, local service, and mainline trains. Construction of the New York Thruway took down its Buffalo passenger station.

Lehigh Valley last showed a profit in 1956. Industrial development, piggyback and auto-racks, plus run-through service at Buffalo with Nickel Plate, were positive efforts, but insufficient to regain profitability. When LV ended passenger service on February 4, 1961 ["Mr. Fogg, No. 603, and the Inextinguishable Lehigh Valley," Winter 2008], dropping the New York–Toronto (with CN) *Maple Leaf*, the New York–Lehighton *John Wilkes*, and its connecting Lehighton–Hazleton RDC, it became only the third Class 1 (after M&StL and Maine Central) to go freight-only. High terminal costs, confiscatory taxes, wage increases, and higher maintenance expense tightened the downward spiral.

The PRR held nearly one-third of LV stock. Fearing further depreciation of its LV investment, Pennsy got ICC approval for control and by 1962 owned almost 90 percent of Valley stock, hoping shared terminals would cut expenses. Some PRR diesels were transferred to LV, but no substantive improvement resulted. Additional branchline mileage was cut, and much of the main line was singled-tracked with CTC signaling. More trackage was trimmed in 1965 by instituting a shared arrangement with equally distressed CNJ east of Wilkes-Barre to Allentown.

LV's last years featured an odd panoply of diesel color schemes. A "new image" contest resulted in gray-and-yellow Alco C420's, then black-and-white C628's representing the choice of President John Nash. Tuscan red with

John P. Scharle, Mike Bednar collection

On their first run, 4 of the 12 U.S.-financed U23B's roll SJ-4 into Easton on December 17, 1974.

thin yellow stripes showed PRR's influence, and a Geep and an Alco RS got wide yellow bands that weren't repeated. Leased power from Bangor & Aroostook, B&O, Lehigh & Hudson River, and Pittsburg & Shawmut widened the spectrum. The Valley's last new power, EMD GP38's plus GE U23B's via federal money, were a delightful surprise in a shiny medium red with a single yellow stripe plus black-and-white safety stripes.

A linchpin for friendships

Beginning about 1960, I would attend meetings of the Lehigh Valley Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society in Allentown, Pa., with friends Richard Taylor and the late George Berisso. We'd leave our New Jersey homes, meet retired railroader John P. Scharle in Allentown, and make a day's outing along the Valley. Sometimes we'd get to Sayre before heading back for the evening meeting. There might be a stop to visit the Bednars—"Pop," Mike, Keith, and Danny—in Hokendauqua, just north of Allentown. Their back yard bordered the LV main, and they were the most dedicated of LV's fans. We often would run into Dave Augsburger and other chapter members along the line. For me, the Lehigh Valley was a catalyst, bringing friends together and creating memories lasting well beyond the railroad's demise.

In the late 1960s, talks of merger or sale to N&W, C&O, or a Canadian road, or of the Valley becoming part of the pending Penn Central, resulted in nothing of substance. When PC declared bankruptcy June 21, 1970, LV followed three days later and would struggle along while Washington formulated plans to untangle the Northeast rail quagmire. Meantime, Lehigh Valley took over Jersey Central's operations in Pennsylvania, and joined in a through-freight service between Potomac Yard in northern Virginia and Portland, Maine, with B&O, Reading, Delaware & Hudson, and Boston & Maine. The end was in sight, though, as the trustees set a date for termination of operations. Several infusions of emergency federal money maintained service on LV and five other bankrupts while plans for Conrail were finalized.

On April 1, 1976, just short of its 130th anniversary, Lehigh Valley's flag fell, but today, key segments of its main line, especially on the east end, remain vital and busy. ■

LV FACT FILE

Comparative figures are for 1929 and 1971

Route-Miles: 1,362 988

Locomotives: 725 149

Freight cars: 26,443 3,965

Passenger cars: 673 0

Headquarters: New York City

Special interest group: Anthracite Railroads Historical Society, P.O. Box 319, Lansdale, PA 19446, www.anthraciterailroads.org

Notable passenger trains: *Black Diamond, Maple Leaf, John Wilkes*

Recommended reading: *Lehigh Valley Railroad*, by Robert Archer (Heimburger House, 1971); *The Steam Era of Lehigh Valley*, by Chuck Yanglourth (Andover Junction Publications, 1991); *The Lehigh Valley Railroad East of Mauch Chunk*, by William T. Greenberg, Jr. and Robert F. Fisher (Gingerbread Shop, 1997)

Sources: *Historical Guide to North American Railroads* (Kalmbach, 1992), author's materials

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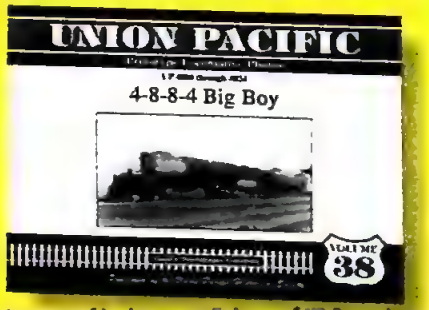

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Steinheimer rides UP's Park City local

A renowned California photographer savors the relaxed ways of a Utah mixed train in 1953

Photos by Richard Steinheimer
Text by Shirley Burman

The morning sun over the Wasatch Mountains plays peek-a-boo behind Mikado 2710's exhaust during a stop to exchange cars at Morgan, 24 miles east of Odgen on the main line.

In late February 1953, southern California rail photographer pals Richard Steinheimer and Don Sims loaded into Stein's old 1937 Ford for a two-week trek that took them across Nevada and the Salt Lake Valley, and then on to Wyoming and Montana. After arriving in Utah, they photographed steam and diesel power after dark around Ogden Union Station, then flopped for the night in a local motel.

The next day, Stein boarded Union Pacific train 226, a daily-except-Sunday local freight to Park City, Utah, while Sims and the Ford hung out in Ogden. The train was, in fact, a mixed. Passengers, when there were any, rode with the crew in the caboose, a catbird seat for anyone who loved trains. (*Official Guides* of the time were specific on that, stating: "Local freight; limited space, hand baggage only; caboose for passengers.")

Stein later wrote, "It was cold on that February morning, but clear around Ogden. . . . [M]ost of the places that mixed trains go were somewhat off the main lines of travel and offered a friendly and less commercial attitude." UP 226 certainly fit this description, running 40 miles east on the main line to Echo, Utah, then 28 miles south down a branch line to the mining town of Park City, home to fewer than 2,000 people at the time. (Denver & Rio Grande Western also served Park City, via a branch from Salt Lake City, until shortly after World War II.)

The mixed was scheduled to depart Ogden at 7:35 a.m. Ahead of the caboose were several empty gondolas for the mines and Mikado 2710, a 1917 Lima. Let's climb aboard!

After leaving Morgan, the Park City local passes a 4-6-6-4 Challenger running light downgrade after helping an eastbound freight up to Wahsatch. Operation is left-handed on this portion of the hill because of more favorable grades for eastbounds on the north track.

A brakeman gets out on the caboose platform to prepare for switching to the Park City branch line at Echo. Up ahead, careful firing and cold morning air combine to make the 2-8-2's exhaust a fluffy white cloud.

Path of the Park City local

Water cascades down the side of 2710's Vanderbilt tender as the fireman tops off the tank at Echo. Note his precarious perch on the spout—routine in 1953, startling in more safety-conscious 2011.

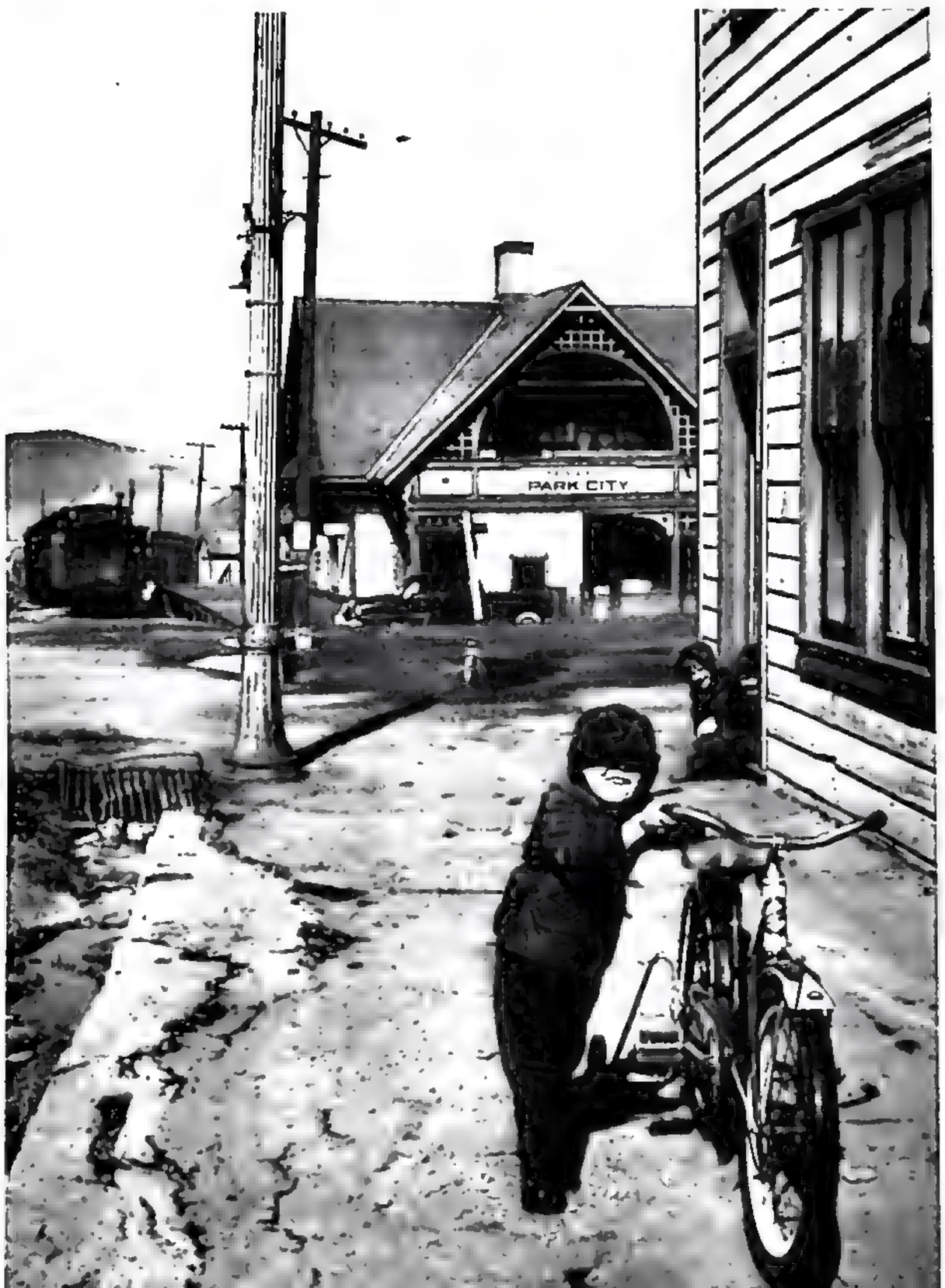
During the local's stop at Echo, Challenger 3802 ignores the water plugs and coaling tower as it rushes past with a freight for Ogden. The 3802 is from UP's first batch of 4-6-6-4's, built in 1936 as Nos. 3900–3914 but later renumbered to the 3800's.

Out of Echo, the train ventures onto the light rail and sharp curves of the Park City branch. One of the brakemen fills the coffee pot on the caboose's stove with water before the road gets too rough.

Heading up the branch from Echo (elevation 5,700 feet) to Park City (7,000 feet), a view from the caboose cupola shows the Mikado hauling eight empty gons up snow-streaked Silver Creek Canyon. The line is a recreational trail now.

The two brakemen head back to the caboose after a long chat with the operator at Wanship. Theirs was the only train on the branch, so there was no worry about flagging or delays to other trains. Down the line, Stein observed disused livestock pens and loading ramps, a sign of the recent switch of such traffic from rail to trucks.

The mixed was due to arrive in Park City at 11:30 a.m., then depart as train 225 at 12:01, although the amount of freight work en route could greatly affect these times. Today this area near the UP depot is filled with houses and shopping malls.

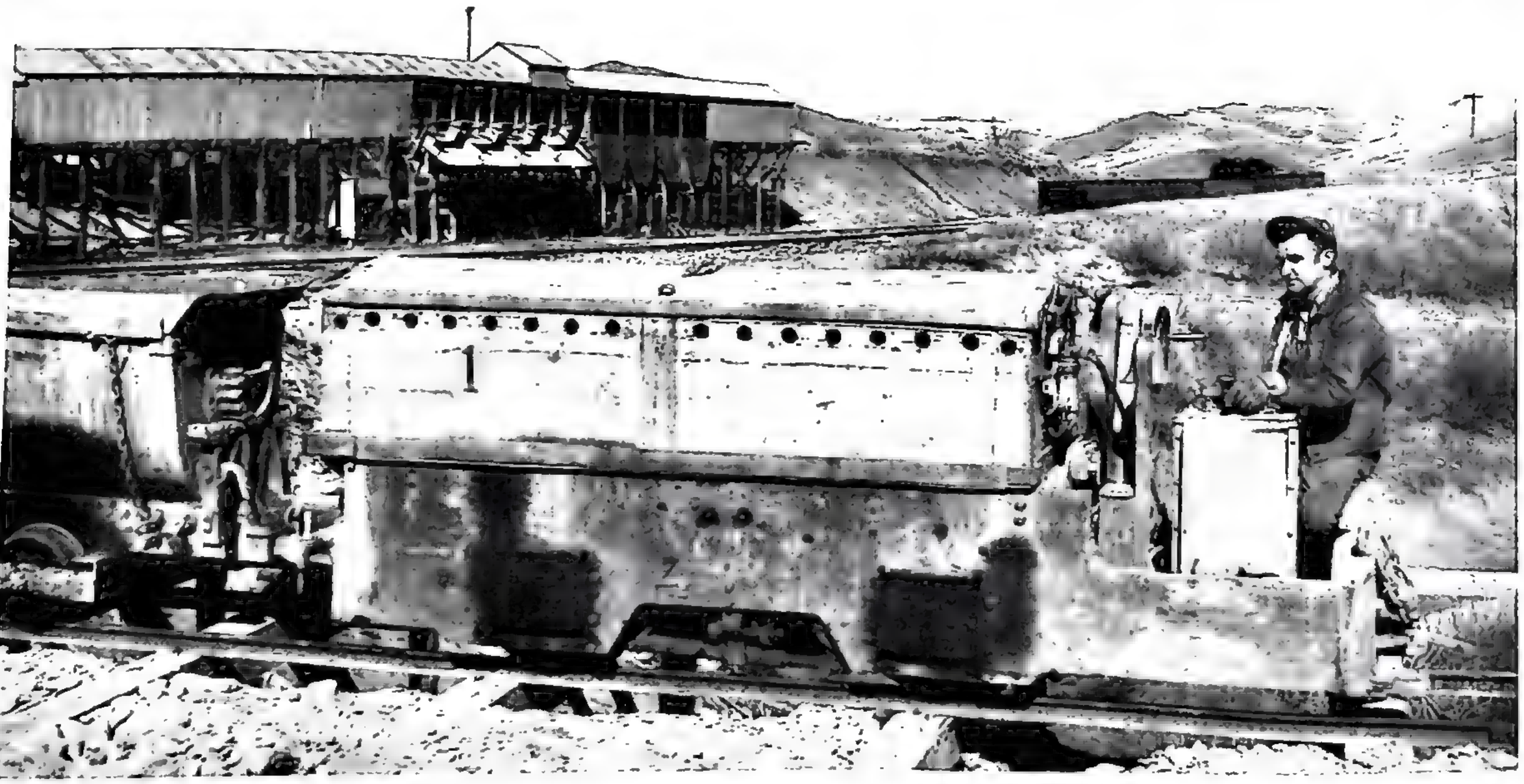


Miners' kids at Park City ham it up for the lanky photographer from out of town. He was a far more unusual sight than the train from Ogden, whose 2-8-2 and caboose stand by the station in the background.

Crewmen lounge in their caboose before heading for the mines east of Park City. Stein commented, "There was a kindly sense of maturity around this crew and to their considered and open views about the things and people that surrounded them."

On the spur to Keetley, No. 2710 backs onto its train after picking up four loads; the four empties with the engine are destined for a mine farther down the line. The ore looks like mere dirt, but was actually rich in silver, zinc, and lead.

The local's conductor, probably close to retirement, still had a smile and a wave for the young photographer, who had to quickly reboard before the train left town.



At Keetley, the operator of a battery-powered mine-railway locomotive is set to return to the mines with empty ore cars. In the distance, the local backs empty gons up to the ore chutes to be loaded for the haul back to Ogden.

A brakeman in one of the gons enjoys the sun as the local heads back up to Keetley Junction, Echo, and Ogden with loads from the mines. The crew saw that Stein knew his way around the railroad, and let him ride wherever he wanted.

Dick Steinheimer rode the train back as far as Echo, where Sims picked him up so the two could continue on north. Today the UP's Park City mixed is only a distant memory. The train stopped accepting passengers in 1956. The Keetley mine closed in the 1960s, but the railroad remained in operation as far as Phoston until July 5, 1986.

After abandonment, the Echo–Park City right of way was developed into a recreational trail, opening in 1992. By this time, Park City had become an upscale ski resort, very different from the hardscrabble mining town Stein visited on a steam-powered mixed train in 1953. ■

Summer of LOVE

While young people were feelin' groovy all across the nation, one train-smitten college kid was having a blast as an extra-board fireman on the C&NW out of Chicago

By Michael Gross • Photos from the collection of Bob Baker

The summer of 1967 was a memorable for people of my age. The war in Vietnam was on our TV screens each night, the threat of the draft was forever in the back of our minds, and increasing numbers of young people like myself elected to "turn on, tune in, and drop out." That June, 50,000 of them jammed into California's Monterey Pop Festival, to hear The Jefferson Airplane, The Mamas and the Papas, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and others. Many took their parties, their protests, and their passions to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, where 1967 came to be known as the "summer of love."

I, too, was smitten that summer —albeit at some distance from Monterey and "the Haight"—pursuing a passion for railroading that had dogged me since childhood. Although I was a college theater major, my roots were pure railroad. By 1967, my grandfather had already logged 53 years with the Santa Fe, and wouldn't retire for another 3; his father had worked for both the Santa Fe and the Burlington (and was, by all accounts, an excellent boilermaker when he was sober). Surrounded as I was by antecedents such as these, it was only a matter of time until I, too, succumbed to the siren song of the rails.

The work was not without its challenges. I had hired out in engine service for the Chicago & North Western on its Wisconsin Division, and being an "extra board fireman" meant long spells away from home, along with the possibility of being called to work at any hour, day or night. My internal clock—along with the most common necessities of nature—was seriously out of whack. And there were other compromises. Like many young men at that time, I was a trifle "shaggier" than your average railroader, and the North Western mandated that I lose the goatee and cut my hair to a "decent length," fearing, perhaps, that Chicago's posh North Shore commuters might think they were being ferried to their comfortable suburban sanctuaries by some drug-crazed freak.

I was willing to sacrifice my beard and long hair to pursue my passion for trains, but I nonetheless shared the distrust of many of my peers for the "older generation"—meaning, at that time, anyone older than 30—a demographic that happened to include every hogger with whom I would work that summer.

One in particular, I will never forget: a plump, overripe tomato of a man, who looked less like a locomotive engineer than a slaughterhouse worker, someone who could, with a few deft slashes of his blade, gut an entire steer—or, for that matter, a novice locomotive fireman. For some reason, he seemed to have taken an instant dislike to Yours Truly. Indeed, for most of the day in question, he had chosen to treat me as if I didn't exist.

Our day had begun early, at 4:15 a.m., at Proviso Yard just west of Chicago. Seven hours of silence later, he and I sat in suburban Milwaukee, just outside Butler Yard, waiting for our signal to clear. Our ancient Alco's 1,600 idling nags were making the hot summer's day even hotter. Even that night's layover at Milwaukee's decrepit Antlers Hotel looked better than being shut up in the cab of an RS3 with a hogger who treated me like a nonentity.

William O. Gross

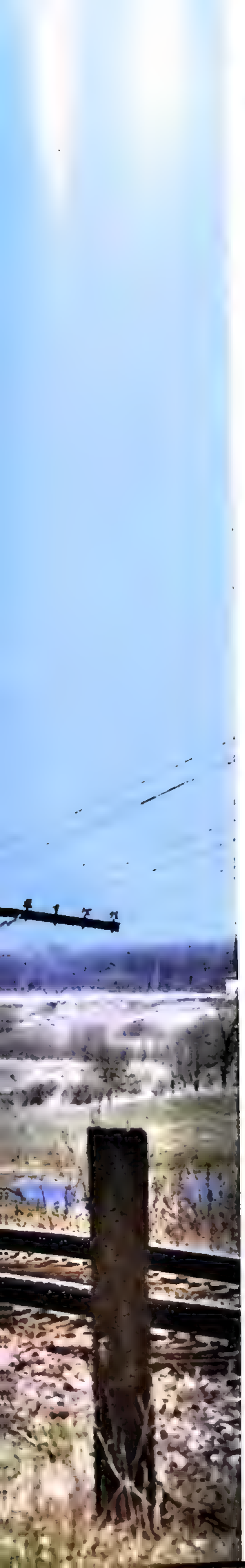
Fireman Gross beams from an E8 cab in summer 1967.

Not that I could entirely blame him. The railroad had put me to work without so much as a rules test. C&NW, like many other roads, wanted nothing to do with firemen, particularly on freights, where management felt a head brakeman could easily double as the engineer's "helper." The problem was that, in 1967, the state of Wisconsin still had on its books a "safe-crew law," requiring that every freight train within its borders carry a crew of five: conductor, front and rear brakemen, engineer, *and* fireman. The debate had become nasty—and public—with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen charging management with a disregard for public safety and the railroads declaring that fireman jobs were little more than cushy "featherbeds" for workers who wanted something for nothing.

Furthermore, our unions were embroiled in a power struggle of their own. Mine, the BofLF&E, felt that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had sold them out by signing away firemen's jobs for a promise of increased pay. The firemen's union had even gone so far as to encourage engineers to defect to them in protest over the BLE's "spineless leadership."

No wonder this old bird was giving me the silent treatment: to his union, and the C&NW, I was just taking up space. Extra-board firemen did not get a great deal of respect. Still, I was determined to prove to the Chicago & North Western, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and to myself, that not only was I not useless—I was indispensable.

On my first trip that summer, my engineer had been of a different stripe. I had arrived for work almost two hours early. (I use the word "early" loosely—start time was 10:30 p.m.) A large chalkboard at Chicago's 40th Street diesel house directed me to my assigned locomotive, F7 No. 4068A. Built in 1949, it had entered suburban service in 1960 after being regeared from 65 to 95 mph. That summer I would come to know the 4000-series F7's quite well, for they—



Bob Ferge

C&NW F7 No. 4068A—the locomotive on which author Gross made his first trip three years earlier—and four sisters lead a freight south near Bain, Wis., on the Chicago–Milwaukee New Line in May 1970. North Western suburban engines often worked freights on weekends.

Bob Baker

Bi-level suburban cars congregate at North Western's Chicago Passenger Terminal during the morning rush hour in May 1972. Visible in the distance at far left is Clinton Street Tower.

along with the 5000-series E8's—comprised the bulk of C&NW's fleet of suburban power. (The road still assigned firemen to all passenger trains, whether they entered Wisconsin or not.)

The cab door was open, so I tossed up my grip, climbed in, and was met by the kind face of my engineer, a man named Munson. He gave me a quick overview of the electrical panel, then took me through the engine room for a look at the main generator, the EMD 16-567B prime mover, and the Cummins diesel set, providing 440 volts of auxiliary A.C. power for the train. It was a lot to take in, but I was excited—and eager to learn.

He also took me through a list of my responsibilities: checking that the locomotive had been fueled; that cooling water and crankcase oil were at their proper levels; and looking through the defect report to see that any problems found on the last trip had been corrected. Another duty was to supply the drinking water: in each locomotive cab was a sheet metal-lined wooden chest, just big enough for a gallon jug of water and a block of ice, both of which I had to lug up the ladder.

We backed our locomotive 4 miles east to the North Western's elegant old Chicago Passenger Terminal downtown, coupled onto a string of suburban bi-level cars, and received our train orders. While awaiting our 11:30 p.m. Northwest Line departure, I was informed of another of my duties: the java run. Many men carried thermoses, but if not, it usually fell to the fireman to hustle down to the terminal snack shop in search of coffee. I did the legwork, as Mr. Munson, in honor of my inaugural run, offered to treat.

We departed Chicago promptly at 11:30 and arrived at Crystal Lake, 42.9 miles out, at 12:50 a.m. After a couple hours' sleep, we returned on an inbound rush-hour "scoot" to Chicago, took our F7 back to 40th Street, and tied up a little after 8 a.m.

It was a tough schedule, with little sleep—typical of the extra board that busy summer—but the trade-off was the work itself: like my grandfather, like his father before him, I was railroading. To be perched in the cab of a vintage F7, rounding the great terminal curve beneath the forest of semaphores at Clinton Street interlocking, the seductive fragrance of the nearby Blommer Chocolate Co. blending with the scent of creosote, was as close to Paradise as it got.

To be trapped in the cab with some old grouch, however, felt a lot less like Heaven, and much more like that Other Place. What was this man's problem? I'd gone the extra mile for him that day, cleaning the windshield and mirrors, discarding all the old flimsies that had littered the cab, even sweeping the floor. Still, he had not said a word.

At least he'd been professional enough to respond when I called signals. Some engineers didn't bother, as if my calling their attention to a signal was to somehow call their judgment—or their eyesight—into question. No, he had at least given me *that* sign of life. There'd been another trip, earlier that summer, when I wasn't even certain my hogger had a *pulse*.

It was only my fourth day on the job. I'd pulled an overnight passenger run on the North Line to Waukegan. We'd departed Chicago at 11:35 p.m. the night before, made every stop, and tied up shortly after 1 a.m. I'd caught only a few hours' sleep, as we were due out early that same morning for the return trip home. Waukegan sits on the shore of Lake Michigan, where early-morning fogs can reduce visibility to only a few hundred feet.

It was one of those mornings.

The hogger and I were operating from the cab compartment of a bi-level car, our train pushed by one of the workhorse F7's. At precisely 5:05 a.m., the engineer cut in the bell, gave two blasts of the whistle, and edged us into the fog. After a 60-mph speed restriction for the first 1.3 miles out of town, we hit 79-mph territory.

I'd never seen such conditions: the pre-dawn darkness and fog made it look as if the windshield had been covered with a thick layer of down. I turned to the hogger, but something was amiss: his head was down, and he appeared to be looking at the floor. His eyes, however, were *closed*. Thinking he might have suffered a heart attack, I was about to clamber over the console and take the throttle when he opened his eyes, raised his head, and tugged at the whistle: two longs, a short, and a long. A set of crossing lights whizzed by. Then he closed his eyes, and his chin fell, once again, to

Bob Ferge

Three E8's and F7 4093A lay over with their trains at Waukegan, Ill., on an August 1971 weekend. The sunny afternoon is free of the dense fog that could plague C&NW's North Line along Lake Michigan in the morning.

his chest. I realized—to my horror—that he was *sleeping*!

I panicked, and shouted across the console: "You OK?"

"Yeah, yeah," he mumbled into his coveralls.

I was dumbfounded. On he dozed—for 20, 30, sometimes 60 seconds at a time—until, prompted by some invisible, internal alarm, he would raise his head, whistle for a crossing, then fall back asleep. The man had it down to a science: hurtling through the fog, dozing at the throttle, was business as usual for him.

I, on the other hand, was in need of a straitjacket and a dose of horse tranquilizer. The only thing standing between me and complete lunacy was to call out the signals—in as loud a voice as possible—in the hope of keeping my comrade awake. On we sped: he snoring, I calling—no, rather, shouting, *screaming*—the signal indications as they flew out of the darkness and fog.

Thank Heaven they were green.

On this day outside Butler, on the other hand, the ill-tempered hogger and I had been staring at the red-eye for something like 40 minutes. That, along with his silence, was about to render me comatose. Delays were tolerable, even pleasant, with the companionship of a friendly engineer, but with this old grump, each drop of silence, like Chinese water torture, only added to the boredom.

Glancing at the army of clouds gathering in the west, I tried another approach: "Looks like rain."

I looked to him. Silence. So much for the weather.

To be perched in the cab of a vintage F7, rounding the great curve at Clinton Street interlocking, was as close to Paradise at it got.

I suppose I should have been grateful for the peace and quiet, as frequently the work was anything but. When called for a freight job at Proviso one morning earlier that summer, I had been surprised to find not the standard consist of GP30's or 35's, but a couple of old GP9's. I'd been called for 5:30 a.m. and, by the time our freight was on its way, it was well past daylight. We were bound for South Janesville, Wis.

The trip was uneventful for the first several hours until, glancing back at our train on a curve, I thought I saw smoke—not some ethereal wisp from a sticking brake shoe, but a massive *cloud* of it—coming from the long hood of our second unit.

Although the North Western had some SD40's and other late-model power, there were still a few "graybeards" on the property—early EMD's, Alcos, even a few from Fairbanks-Morse—whose chewing gum and baling wire seemed always to give way at the worst possible moment. Most of the time it was just a matter of shutting the unit down. Most of the time they went quietly.

Not that day.

We were pulling uphill with only two units, so the engineer was not about to stop. I exited the rear cab door and groped my way along the catwalk toward the second Geep. In spite of the grade, we were holding

Bob Baker

GP7's 1641 and 1644 stand out amid a sea of freight cars at C&NW's big Proviso Yard, 13 miles west of downtown Chicago, in early 1973. Author Gross discovered the value of a fire extinguisher on old Geeps like these.

steady at about 35 mph, and at that speed the raindrops—naturally, it was raining—stung my face like a swarm of yellowjackets. The catwalk was slick with oil and water, the locomotives were rocking from side to side, and crossing to that second unit felt like trying to land on an aircraft carrier in rough seas. I had visions of being bucked into a nearby field and, if fortunate enough not to be killed instantly, might be torn to pieces by feral hogs.

But I kept my footing, pulled myself onto the second unit, and moved toward the source of the smoke. I could feel the heat through the doors, but my gloves, wet from the rain, would protect my hands, so I reached for the handle and flung it open.

It looked like the firebox of one of the C&NW's old H-1 Northerns, bright tongues of flame leaping and licking around the door. It was probably nothing more than oil from a blown gasket having ignited on the hot manifold, but since it couldn't be repaired right then, the unit would have to be taken off-line. I climbed into the cab, shut the engine down, grabbed a fire extinguisher, and went back outside. We were still holding at about 35 mph, the rain continuing to fall, and the Geep still bucking like a bronco. I realized, to my dismay, that it would take two hands to operate the extinguisher, so I braced my feet against the hood, my back against the handrail, pulled the pin, and let 'er fly.

The fire was quickly extinguished, and I made my way back to the lead unit—cold, sodden—but feeling as if I were earning my keep.

Maybe that's what my trip to Butler with this old buzzard had needed: a crisis, a challenge, something to prove that I could make myself useful. The biggest challenge, however, was just getting him to open his mouth.

But what, after all, might we talk about? Any mention of world events could lead to a heated discussion about Southeast Asia. Any mention of music might bring a critique of the Beatles, their long hair, or how *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* "didn't sound much like music" to him. I knew his type: reactionary, judgmental, intolerant of anything or anyone he didn't understand—particularly someone like me. We were on two different planets, and despite my short hair and clean-shaven cheeks, this guy no doubt still assumed I was one of those dope-smoking, LSD-tripping hippies he'd heard so much about.

Perhaps if I were studying something respectable in school, we could have talked about that. But I was majoring in *theater*, and God only knew what images that might conjure up in his brain: Shakespeare? Poetry?

Milquetoast men in leotards and tights? No! I was *not* about to go there. Even my own family could not quite comprehend what I was doing with my life, so what reaction would I get from this guy?

The prospect of our return trip to Proviso made me wish the North Western had issued me not just a rulebook and timecard, but a capsule of potassium cyanide. The head brakeman had long since climbed off the Alco and wandered into the ragweed, and for the last 10 minutes I'd been leaning out the cab window, trying to see how many times I could hit the same chunk of ballast with a glob of spit.

"You in school?"

Was that a voice? Or was I dreaming? For a moment, I thought the heat had gotten to me. I turned, and was shocked to see his lips moving. "You in school?" he repeated.

"Uh . . . yeah," I stammered. "U of I."

"Whatchu study?"

Here goes, I thought. Here's the conversation I had wanted to avoid, the topic I feared would escalate our silent truce into open warfare. Then again, I thought: Heck, what have I got to lose? And besides, who gives a damn *what* he thinks? So I said it: "Acting."

He blinked. "You mean, like *play*-acting?"

"Yeah, right."

"On the stage?"

"Yeah." I braced myself for his response.

"Hmm," he grunted. With that, he pulled off his gloves, set them neatly atop the control stand, lifted himself from his seat, and began—as God is my witness—to *dance*.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Here was this old bump-on-a-log not only coming to life, but actively channeling Bill "Bojangles" Robinson!

He began with a soft shoe: "I learned this one time . . ." he said, skittering across the cab. "Here's another little thing," he said, drifting effortlessly into a clog.

I sat there, open-mouthed, in wonder. "Wow!" The engineer grinned back at me sheepishly, clearly proud, but looking as if he'd been caught at some secret, guilty pleasure.

"Then there's this . . ." he puffed, launching into a handsome buck-and-wing.

And the man, quite honestly, was *good*. He had all the moves, segueing smoothly from one routine to the next, defying not just his own bulk, but gravity itself. Like some great dirigible he seemed, for all his size, lighter than air: smooth, graceful, created not just for walking, but for flight.

Next thing you know, I was on my feet next to him, begging for instruction, and the hot, cramped cab of our old Alco road-switcher soon became an impromptu "master class," with this humble student doing his awkward best to copy my hogger's graceful movements.

I kept my footing, pulled myself onto the second unit, and moved toward the source of the smoke.

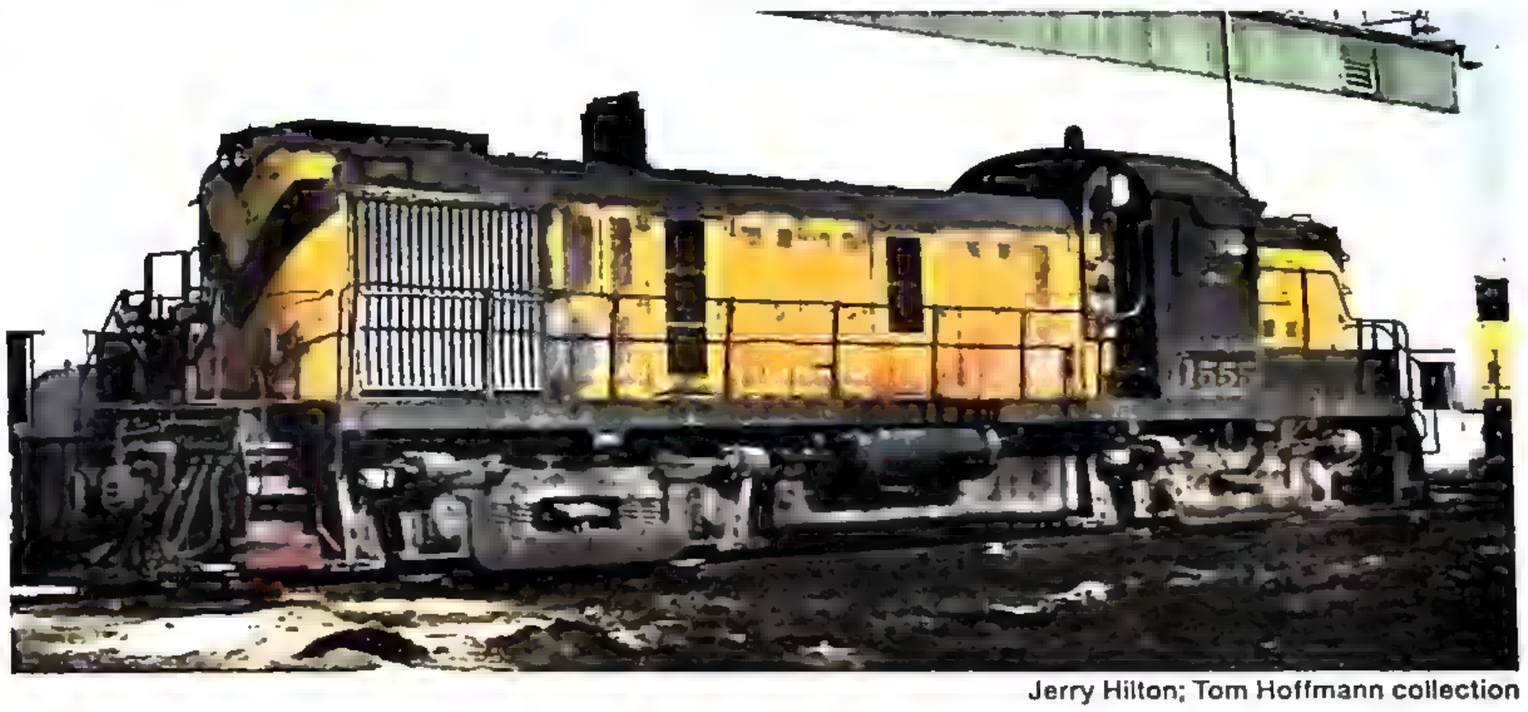
Then, as quickly as it had begun, the show was over. Our radio crackled to life, the signal turned from red to amber, our brakeman swung aboard, and we began to roll toward Butler Yard. The entire incident had lasted no more than 5 minutes—just long enough for me to realize that there was more to this man than had first met my eye.

Tucked into my cramped quarters that night at the Antlers Hotel, I couldn't shake him from my thoughts. Maybe he hadn't been ignoring me at all. Maybe he'd simply been preoccupied, humming some old snatch of tune in his head, imagining his name in bright lights on some theater marquee, or maybe wondering what life was like for people who had the luxury of going to college to pursue their heart's desire.

I also got to thinking that, despite my generation's "love-ins," for all our talk of "peace and harmony," that tolerance was a two-way street. Perhaps I had been too quick to judge, too quick to stereotype. Seeing only a blue-collar worker of a certain age, I had failed to see the entertainer, the artist—the individual—within.

That was my summer of love: railroading . . . and a good deal more besides. ■

North Western's diesel roster was a study in diversity. Fairbanks-Morse H12-44 No. 1112 and Baldwin S12 No. 1121 (re-engined with an EMD prime mover) pose at Proviso in August '67.



Jerry Hilton; Tom Hoffmann collection

Alco RS3 1555 suns itself at the Butler, Wis., engine terminal in June 1975. Was this the locomotive that served as an impromptu dance studio a mile away during the "summer of love?"

More on our website
See clips of C&NW trains in action from Herron Rail Video at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

First 2 + 101 = DISASTER

Bystanders contemplate the wreckage of 4-6-2 1219 (above), hauling the northbound *Ponce de Leon*, after it collided head-on with 4-8-2 1456 on the southbound *Royal Palm* on December 23, 1926, at Rockmart, Ga., in a photo by Kenneth Rogers of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

Analyzing a 1926 head-on collision on the Southern helps us understand human error, and offers stark comparisons with our 21st-century world

By Ed King
Wreck photos from the Southern Railway Historical Association

Nowadays, we can only accept with incredulity how railroad operations were conducted for decades without radio communication between a train's crew and the dispatcher. Nor do we blink at the installation of satellite systems by which every locomotive's location can be pinpointed to within a few hundred yards. Technology moves so quickly today that we are not amazed at what would have seemed outlandish just a few years ago.

Trains meet or overtake other trains on single track because the dispatcher has directed them to do so, either by voice—issuing a track warrant, which is written down and repeated back by a crew

Kin to the northbound train involved in the Rockmart tragedy is train 6, the *Florida Sunbeam*, leaving Atlanta in winter 1940 behind 4-6-2 1408 and 4-8-2 1466 in a Richard E. Prince Jr. photo.

member—or by Centralized Traffic Control, in which the dispatcher remotely manipulates the switches and signals.

Yet even with all our modern traffic-control methods, tragedies still happen, emphatically exemplified by three tragic collisions, all involving passenger trains. The first occurred on Amtrak's Northeast Corridor in Maryland on January 4, 1987, when Conrail diesels ran through a switch into the path of a passenger train approaching from behind at over 100 mph. One result: the licensing of locomotive engineers. The second was the collision on February 16, 1996, outside Washington, D.C., of a MARC commuter train and Amtrak's *Capitol Limited*. One result: changes in speed requirements for passenger trains leaving station stops not in sight of a trackside signal. The third was the head-on collision on September 12, 2008, in Chatsworth, Calif., of a Los Angeles Metrolink commuter train with a Union Pacific freight. One result: the banning of the use of phones or other personal electronic devices by train crews while on duty.

But let us go back to the era before radio and CTC. Railroaders had only the Book of Operating Rules, the Operating Timetable (vastly different from the "public folders" that featured schedules and advertisements for the passenger trains), and train orders, issued by the dispatcher to operators along the line for delivery to trains. These were written on thin pieces of paper that a steam-locomotive crew could read in the glare from the firedoor and that a conductor on the caboose could read by the light of his oil lantern. The conductor and engineer of each train affected by a train order were each given a copy, and the Book of Rules told them exactly what action they should take. These operating practices began in the 19th century, and with steady refinement proved worthy over the years. Timetable and train-order operation could be, and most every day was, accomplished with complete safety.

There was also a time when railroads occupied a more favorable status in the territories they served than they do today. Not every railroad was reviled for a "robber baron" attitude. And finally, there was a time when litigation was not nearly as prominent a part of everyday life as it is today.

Situations did occur, though, in which missed or misunderstood communications made within the operating practices caused tragedy. It's called human error. Well-meaning people failed to cross a "t" or dot an "i"; a company's safety improvements came too late; and the results were devastating.

The tragedy we'll examine occurred December 23, 1926, on the Southern Railway at Rockmart, Ga., 50 miles north of Atlanta on the line to Chattanooga, Tenn. It was a head-on collision of two heavily patronized passenger trains. There was no misuse of controlled substances, no dispatcher error—just a misunderstanding between two veteran employees. A bad practice on an operating division resulted in an employee running a locomotive without having in his possession the train orders affecting that train. There were no automatic signals in service in the territory yet, although ironically and sadly, the field equipment was in place and ready for testing.

The evening was dark, cold, and rainy. Train 2, the *Ponce de Leon* en route from Florida to Cincinnati, was running in two sections owing to heavy Christmas traffic. The first section consisted of 10 steel cars (in those days there were still wooden cars operating) pulled by class Ps-2 light Pacific No. 1219. At about 6:35 p.m., it collided head-on with train 101, the southbound *Royal Palm*, another popular Midwest–Florida train. Train 101 had nine steel cars pulled by class Ts Mountain type No. 1456.

The impact occurred on the main track just north of the south passing-siding switch at Rockmart, which was located just north—at the foot—of Braswell Mountain on Southern's Atlanta Division. Train 101 was inching down the main toward the south switch at low speed when it was struck by First No. 2, which was coming down off Braswell Mountain

at speeds estimated by witnesses to be from 35 to 60 mph.

The casualties, most on First No. 2, were heavy; 19 died: 11 passengers, 7 Southern employees, and 1 news agent. The passengers were the first to die in a train accident on the Southern since 1918. A total of 123 people were injured: 113 passengers, 6 Pullman employees on the sleeping cars, and 4 Southern employees.

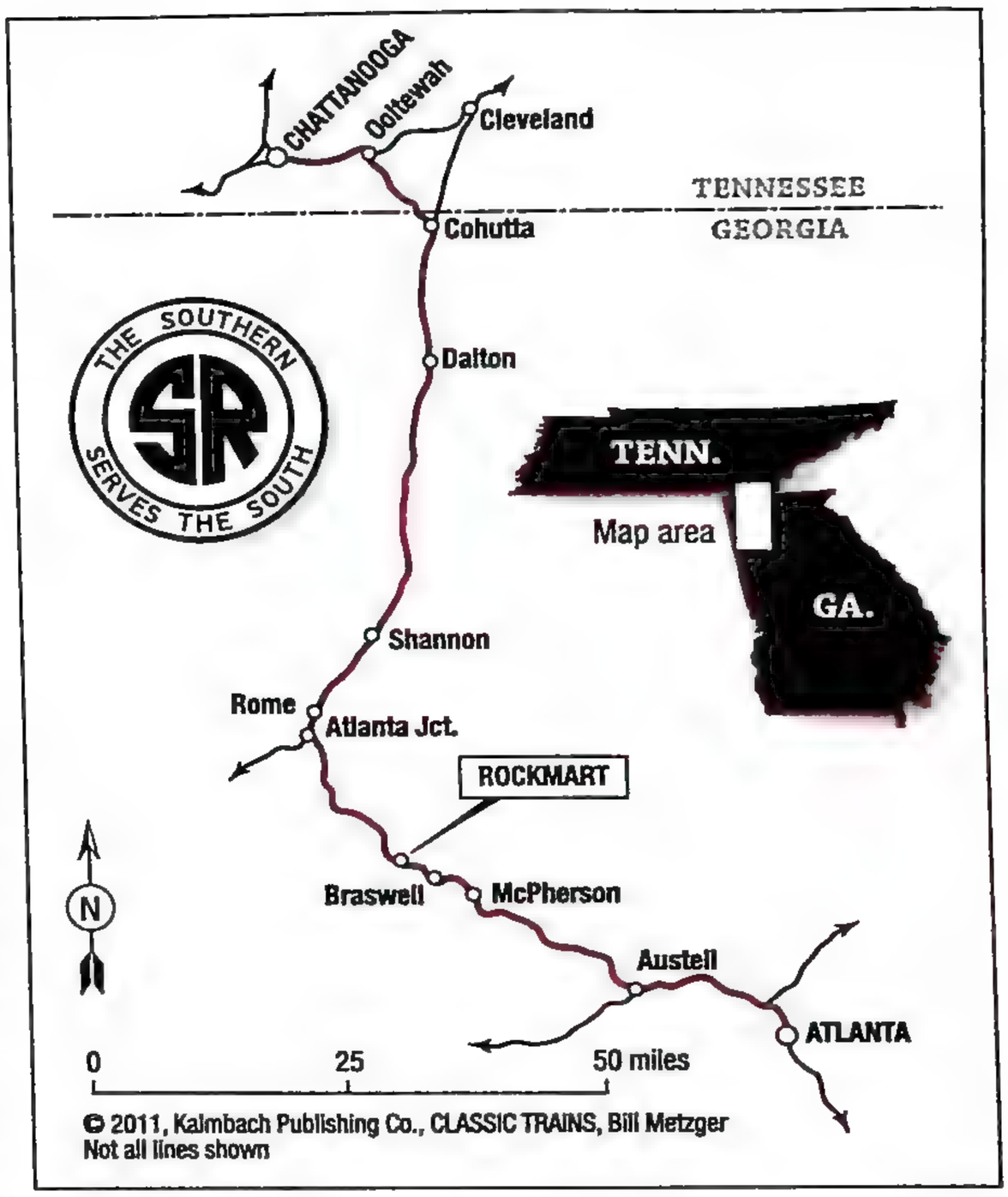
Both train crews held copies of train order No. 92 of December 23, which stated:

> No 101 o-n-e n-a-u-g-h-t o-n-e Eng 1456 meet
> No 32 t-h-i-r-t-y t-w-o Eng 1326 at Shannon,
> No 6 s-i-x Engs 1260 and 1205 coupled at Atlanta Jct,
> First No 2 t-w-o Eng 1219 at Rockmart, and
> Second No 2 t-w-o Eng 1265 at Braswell.
> No 32 t-h-i-r-t-y t-w-o, No 6 s-i-x, and
> first and second No 2 t-w-o take siding.

(By the rules, train numbers were stated first as numbers and then spelled out to ensure understanding, thus "No 101 one-naught-one," for example. Hyphens have been added here to emphasize the repetition. Punctuation was omitted from the written orders, but has been added for clarity. The words "number" and "engine" were abbreviated "No" and "Eng" in telegraphy but were, and are, in verbally given orders, spoken in entirety. Verbally, on the telephone and later by radio, the digits/spelled-out practice of numbers was continued.)

A. M. Corrie, a well-known Atlanta Division engineer of considerable seniority, was running 101 that evening. He'd made his Rockmart station stop and had received a clearance card from the operator there indicating his block would be clear south of Rockmart after the arrival of First No. 2. He eased down to the water tank and had his fireman put some water in the tender, then proceeded slowly toward the south switch of the siding, expecting First No. 2 to stop there and head in. A southbound freight, pulled by class Ss-1 2-10-2 Santa Fe type No. 5243, was already in the siding; its crew was expecting to back up through the north switch when First No. 2 arrived to give the passenger train room to clear the south switch. After No. 101 departed, First No. 2 then would back out through the south switch and proceed north on the main track. (The freight train was not mentioned in order No. 92; it was undoubtedly operating according to provisions of train orders not relevant to the collision.)

As Corrie neared the south siding switch on 101, he saw First No. 2 approaching at a speed too high for it to stop to take the switch into the siding. Seeing that a collision was inevitable, Corrie warned his fireman, set the brakes in emergency, and got off his engine. He was trying to get over a barbed-wire right-of-way fence when the collision occurred. Corrie stated he heard First No. 2 sound two whistle signals approaching the south switch; the first whistle signal he could not identify, but the second was the signal (one long blast and two shorts) to call to the attention of the parked freight train that First No. 2 was carrying green signals for a following section.



Seeing a collision was inevitable, Corrie set the brakes and got off his engine.

Earlier that evening, when First No. 2 had stopped on the main track at McPherson, 11.4 miles south of Rockmart, to meet southbound train No. 51, engineer S. J. "Stony" Keith got off to "oil around" on engine 1219. When he got back on the engine, he found Road Foreman of Engines R. M. Pearce on the engineer's seatbox; Pearce, who lived in Rome, Ga., had come up from the "combine" (combination coach-baggage car) and said he would run the train to Rome. According to Keith's later testimony, Pearce asked him about meets, and Keith told him that they were to head into the siding at Rockmart to meet No. 101. Keith attested to the fact that Pearce had acknowledged the meet and that he was to take siding. Fireman Henry R. Moss also had that understanding. As Pearce was starting the train, Keith got off the 1219 and went back to ride in the combine, but he did not turn over the train orders to Pearce, nor did Pearce ask him for them.

What happened then in the cab of the 1219 remains a mystery to this day. As First No. 2 was approaching Rockmart, it became apparent to engineer Keith and other crewmen back in the train that Pearce was not slowing down to head into the siding. By the time Keith left his seat in the combine to go to a vestibule to pull the emergency brake cord, however, it was too late—the collision occurred while he was in the combine's aisle.

The trainmen of First No. 2 had just finished lifting tickets of passengers who got on at Braswell and didn't realize they were getting so close to Rockmart. The baggagemaster in the combine had signaled the engine the standard air signal for approaching a meeting point and had been answered properly by the engine's whistle. Although First No. 2's conductor, a man named Arnold, said he thought the brakes were placed in emergency shortly before the collision, it was *very* shortly, as no one on No. 101 or engine 5243 on the freight in the siding saw any sparks flying from wheels on First No. 2.

When the fast-moving 4-6-2 on First 2 hit the much heavier 4-8-2 on 101, which had its engine and train brakes anchored, it was as if it had run into the side of Georgia's Stone

Mountain. The brunt of the collision force was borne by Pacific 1219 (right) and her northbound train. Both engines' tender tanks broke loose from their frames and went down the embankment; the combine on First 2's head end was telescoped nearly the length of the baggage compartment. The coach behind the combine overrode the next car, the diner, telescoping for two-thirds of its length. The worst injuries occurred in the diner, AGS 4140, built in 1917 and carrying initials for subsidiary Alabama Great Southern. The car was considered a modern piece of equipment that could withstand such a collision. The dining-car crew was in the middle of serving dinner, and the car was being well patronized.

All the employee fatalities occurred on First No. 2—the Road Foreman running the engine, the fireman, the baggagemaster, three dining-car waiters, and a cook.

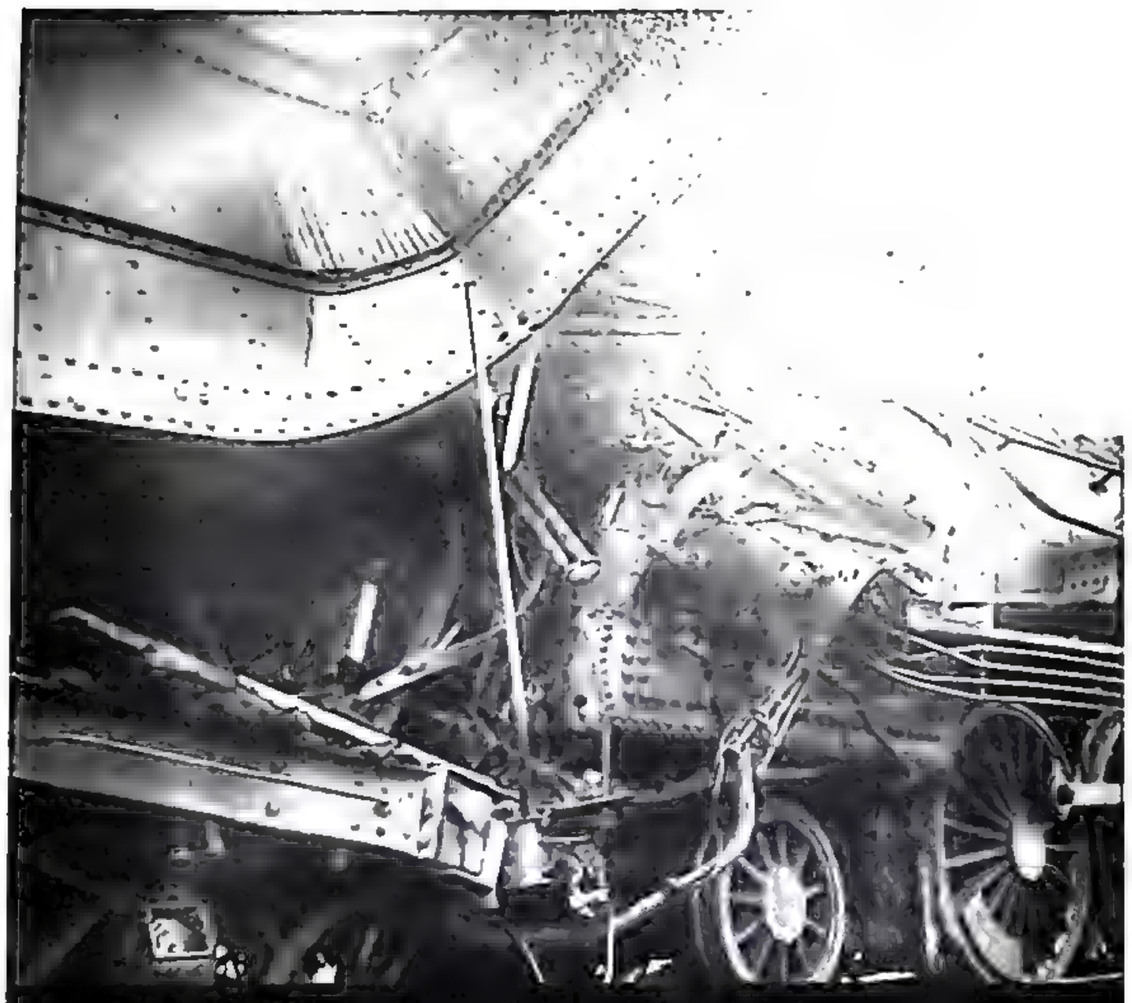
The total cost to the Southern, of clearing the wreck and damage to equipment, was given as $69,045.82. Mountain-type engine 1456 on 101 was damaged to the extent of $5,500, and Pacific 1219 on First 2 to $14,500. Dining car AGS 4140 was a total loss, at $25,587. Both locomotives were rebuilt and went on to serve the Southern until after World War II.

Fireman Moss on First 2, a promoted engineer set back in seniority to firing, had lamented to engineer Keith several times that evening that he was having trouble keeping the 1219 hot, but Keith had assured him all was OK, that he was keeping the engine hot enough to make the schedule. Moss was killed instantly.

Crewmen from the 5243 and First 2's train removed the grievously injured Road Foreman Pearce from the remains of the 1219's cab; a listing of the injuries and the examination of the photos of the cab after the collision make one wonder how he was not also killed instantly. He was moved to Harbin Hospital in Rome, where he died the next day.

As he was being removed from the wreckage, Pearce asked Baggagemaster Copeland of train 101 (who was helping remove him) how the wreck happened and was told he had failed to take siding for No. 101; Pearce replied that engineer Keith, fireman Moss, and "everyone concerned" had told him he was to hold the main. He added that when he sounded the station signal on his whistle he had asked Moss, "We hold the main track?" He said the fireman replied in the affirmative. Copeland could not tell investigators what Pearce might've meant when he used the term "everyone concerned."

Pearce made no statement at the hospital before he died, at 1:30 p.m. the following day, on why he did not slow to take siding. He was under heavy medication, mainly morphine, and witnesses said his only comment was to the effect that "there was no excuse for it [the wreck]—it should not have happened." This comment was brought out in interviews with doctors who treated Pearce.



The combine behind the 1219 telescoped and obliterated its cab upon impact. Photo by Lane Bros. for the *Georgian-American*.

In the investigation, a lot of attention was paid to what seems to have been an Atlanta Division custom of not transferring train orders to a Road Foreman of Engines who took over the throttle of a locomotive en route, and to the practice of allowing the engineer to leave the locomotive while the Road Foreman was running. As a practical matter, there were only two seats on a Southern passenger locomotive, *i.e.*, no place for a third man to sit down, even though the 1219 was hand-fired and the fireman would not be occupying his seat the whole time.

It seems, therefore, that Keith was not doing anything unusual when he left the 1219 and went back into the train. He felt he had discharged his duty to his superior, the Road Foreman. Further, Pearce had asked him about meets and he had replied, telling Pearce he was to head in at Rockmart and meet No. 101.

"There was no excuse for [the wreck]—it should not have happened."

This tragedy resulted in Southern reissuing instructions regarding the continuing responsibility of regular trainmen and enginemen when their duties were assumed by officials during the course of a trip, to the effect that passenger enginemen should not leave their cabs and go back and ride in the train when an official had taken over the throttle.

As far as train order No. 92 went, it was the soul of brevity and clarity, a textbook example of everything the Operating Rules considered desirable. Normally, northbound first-class (*i.e.*, passenger) trains would hold the main track for meets with *any* opposing train. Under Southern's rules governing the rights of trains, northbound passenger trains were superior by direction to southbound passenger trains, as well as superior by class *and* direction to southbound freights.

In this case, though, the train dispatcher wanted the northbounds to get out of the way of southbound 101. The last phrase of the order, stating "No 32 thirty two No 6 six and First and second No 2 two take siding," is clear. Further, at Rockmart it was normal practice for northbounds to take siding, so as to allow southbounds to hold the main and thus get as much of a run as they could to ascend Braswell Mountain.

Concerning the testimony of the surviving employees, there was no doubt about the action required of First No. 2 at Rockmart, nor was there any doubt that Road Foreman Pearce understood this requirement before he left McPherson—he was supposed to head into the siding at the south switch at Rockmart and let 101 pass.

Poor fireman Moss, of course, was not available to corroborate or refute Pearce's statement. One might wonder why he didn't take action to stop the train, but several mitigating factors come to mind. First, he might have been preoccupied with his duties, trying to seize the opportunity in going down Braswell Mountain to get a few more pounds of steam on the recalcitrant 1219. Further, he might have tried to call Pearce's

The coach behind the *Ponce de Leon*'s combine telescoped and overrode the dining car; four diner employees perished. Lane Bros. photo.

In the collision, 1456's tender tank broke loose. Visible hanging from its cables is the ATS equipment box, in place but sadly not yet in use.

attention to the meet and been rebuffed with a gruff reply. (This doesn't seem likely, from what is known of Pearce's personality.) Moss might have been intimidated by the presence of an official on the engine and been reluctant to speak.

What is known of Pearce's reputation from the facts brought out in the investigation sheds no light on his failure to take the siding at Rockmart. He had a reputation for speed, but not recklessness; at one time he'd been assigned to dynamometer car duties, where he was considered an exceptional engineer in handling maximum tonnage freight trains on difficult grades. His statement as he was being removed from the wreckage was obviously made while he was in shock, and the comments he made in the hospital the next day were given under the influence of morphine. He had been given enough pain-killer that he told his relatives in the morning he was perfectly comfortable, even though the injuries and shock would claim his life that very afternoon.

Engineer Keith later said he understood Pearce had made the statement that he'd been told he would hold the main track at Rockmart, but Keith—who *did* know Pearce, incidentally—didn't feel Pearce would have made such a statement under ordinary (uninjured) conditions. Keith said he

Rebuilt after the wreck, the 1456, pictured in freight duty at Atlanta in July 1947, was not scrapped until March 1949. Shelby F. Lowe photo.

Lithe Pacific 1219, rebuilt at Pegram Shop with an unusual "Scotch" type styling, poses at Atlanta in 1929 in a Thomas T. Taber photo.

was positive Pearce understood the situation thoroughly when he relieved Keith at McPherson. If Keith felt differently, he would not have left the engine in Pearce's charge.

Today we are left with the same dilemma faced by investigators in 1926. Did Pearce pop around the curve and see the 5243 with the southbound freight in the siding and mistake it, in the growing dusk, for No. 101, and thus figure 101 was in the clear for him? Did he fall asleep? This seems unlikely, considering he sounded the meeting-point signals approaching Rockmart and also sounded the signal calling attention of the crew of 5243 that there was a following section of First No. 2. It can only be surmised that Pearce became confused and believed that, as the northbound train, he was superior to 101 and should keep to the main track. He had not taken the train orders from engineer Keith, so they weren't available for his reference.

After considerable deliberation, Southern officials decided that engineer Keith should not bear any blame for the collision and that the sole responsibility rested with Pearce.

Report No. 1316 of the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose investigation was performed jointly with the Georgia Public Service Commission and dated January 27, 1927, is of more interest than usual, in that it, unlike others of its kind, makes no statement of conclusion. Instead, it discourses at length about the transfer of responsibility between an engineer and an official who takes over the operation of the locomotive; it found no fault with Pearce's qualifications or his authority to assume the duties of engineer. The report states that the responsibility for the collision rested with Pearce, but that engineer Keith bore a contributing responsibility for not seeing to it that Pearce had the train orders in his possession. In this item, the ICC's findings differ from those of Southern's investigation.

A brutal irony of this tragedy is that at the time, Southern was in the process of installing automatic block signals with Automatic Train Stop (ATS) on 754 miles of railroad, including the Atlanta Division between Austell, Ga., and Ooltewah Junction, Tenn.—territory that included Rockmart.

Southern was doing this without compulsion from outside, spending several million dollars to increase the safety and efficiency of its operations. Where most roads were content with installing automatic block signals, Southern was doing more by providing the Automatic Train Stop feature. The ATS, by an audible alarm, would force an engineer to acknowledge a signal displaying a more restrictive indication than "clear"; if the acknowledgement was not forthcoming within a predetermined number of seconds, the ATS equip-

In a symbolic view from the era, 4-6-2 1269 storms out of Cordele, Ga., 4 hours south of Atlanta and 203 miles from Rockmart with No. 1, the southbound *Ponce de Leon*. David W. Salter photo.

ment would apply the automatic air brake and stop the train. After this so-called "penalty" stop, it was necessary to reset the equipment by opening a box on the tender.

Installation of this system between Austell and Ooltewah Junction was part of a $4 million Atlanta Division improvement project that included straightening curves, strengthening bridges and trestles, and laying heavier rail. The signals had been installed in the Rockmart area, and the locomotives had been provided with the train-stop equipment, but the system had yet to be tested and was not in use.

If the ATS had been in service, Pearce's failure to slow at the approach signal to the south end of Rockmart would have resulted in an automatic brake application, which would have stopped First No. 2 short of the collision. (The approach signal would have displayed a yellow aspect, and the signal at the south switch of Rockmart siding would have displayed red.) At the very least, the system would have made Pearce acknowledge the yellow signal and apply the brakes himself.

The testing was completed and the signal system with the ATS feature was put into service around Rockmart on January 1, 1927—just 10 days after the tragedy.

Cleanup crews were faced with almost unbelievable carnage. Makeshift morgues were set up to handle the dead, many of whom were mangled beyond identification. Indeed, it was thought at one point that there were 20 fatalities, but as the remains were recovered and matched up, it became apparent there were only 19.

Yes, it was a different world in 1926. Many injured survivors who were ambulatory were moved to Atlanta by train, aboard which Southern Claim Agents made on-the-spot monetary settlements. Many other claims were settled at the hospitals where the injured were being treated. It should not be surmised that any of these victims received what would be considered a less than a fair settlement (for 1926), but the same casualties in our litigious society today would cost a railway tens of millions of dollars.

Other than the occasional outcry from self-proclaimed "authorities" who had little if any knowledge of rail operations and declared that whenever there were trains operating in two directions that a separate track should be provided for each for its entire trip, there was almost no negative sentiment expressed against Southern as a result of this incident. Indeed, Southern management received expressions of sympathy from many quarters. It was in large measure felt that the wreck had been caused by the actions of a veteran employee with a previously spotless record, and the company could have done nothing to prevent it. The fact that the signal and train-stop installation was in progress, voluntarily by the Southern, was noted in the press and looked favorably upon.

Indeed, sympathy for the company, in an era when long-term employment was greatly valued, ran so high that a long-time Southern clerical employee sought to help by donating 10 percent of his January 1927 salary to the company to help defray the expenses of the wreck. Management declined with gratitude this generous offer, but it helps to illustrate what a different America existed then.

When Atlanta's Chamber of Commerce learned that several movie theaters were planning to show newsreels of the wreck, the Chamber voted unanimously to ask the theaters to desist because of the railway's presence as a positive force in the region, adding that viewing the newsreels would have a traumatic effect on the friends and families of the victims. The Chamber was joined in this effort by Colonel B. L. Bugg, president of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast Railway, a Southern competitor. The theaters agreed to not show the newsreels. Can you imagine such a thing happening today?

The intervening 80-plus years since the Rockmart tragedy have dimmed our memories and changed the way we look at the world, but they have not dimmed the horror that so deeply shook a region and a railroad. Indeed, it reminds us that railroads are operated by human beings who are subject to error, and that even if future railroads are operated by robots or remote control, the physical plants, and the machinery, still will be constructed and maintained by humans no less subject to error. ■

Photo Section

Bob Krone

Soo Line's *Laker* snakes out of Grand Central Station, Chicago, at the start of its overnight run to Superior, Wis. The date is June 6, 1962, and the consist behind GP9's 557 and 2555 is heavy with head-end cars, typical of the *Laker*'s later years. By this time train 3 had been cut back from Duluth, no longer carried cars for Ashland, Wis., and its Minneapolis section was coach-only. The Geeps are passing NW2 9511 of Grand Central owner B&OCT.

George Krambles; Krambles-Peterson Archive

Great Northern train 30, an all-stops accommodation between Crookston, Minn., and St. Paul, departs Fergus Falls, Minn., on May 26, 1953. Two heavyweight baggage cars (the second one an old wood car with steel sheathing), a heavyweight baggage-RPO, a lightweight baggage car, and a single heavyweight coach trail year-old F7A No. 280-A and an F7B. This secondary line, abandoned now east of "Fergus," was north of the main via Willmar.

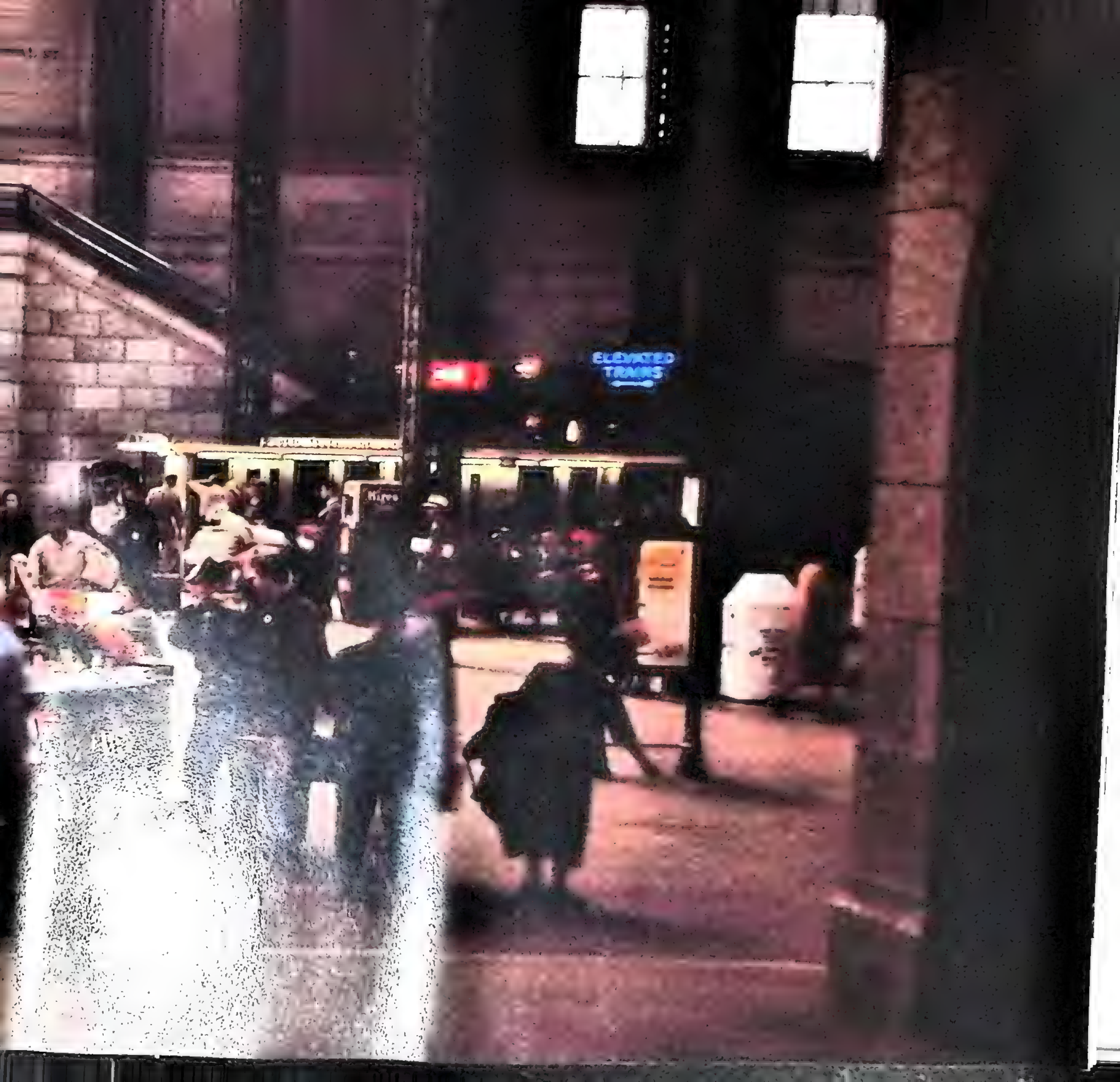
George Krambles; Krambles-Peterson Archive

Northern Pacific trains 287 and 288 were the Butte–Garrison, Mont., connections for the *Mainstreeter,* which ran via Helena. In this scene from May 28, 1951, train 287 out of Butte is near Deer Lodge, Mont., the last stop before Garrison. In charge of the two-car train is 4-6-2 No. 2131, a 1906 product of American Locomotive's Schenectady works. The 45-year-old Pacific would not live to age 46, as it was scrapped in January 1952.

Photo Section

Chicago Union Station, completed in 1925 to serve the Pennsylvania, Burlington, Milwaukee, and Alton Route, is often cited as the sole survivor of the city's six great railroad terminals. But that's only half right, for one of CUS's two principal structures, the concourse building on the Chicago River, was razed in 1969 and replaced by an office tower. This 1951 photo looks west across the concourse toward the passageway beneath Canal Street and the magnificent waiting room that still stands today.

Linn H. Westcott


BUSY TRAINS

INFORMATION
WAITING ROOMS

Photo Section

John Dziobko

Four and a half miles north of Grand Central Terminal, a New York Central T-class electric leads an inbound train over the Harlem River and onto Manhattan Island. The 1893 swing bridge the train is using is nearing the end of its life, as its replacement, a pair of two-track lift spans completed in 1956, rises beside it. The dark structure beyond the boxcars on the opposite bank is Jersey Central's circular Bronx freight house, accessed by carfloat.

John Dziobko

Two Lackawanna M.U. trains, one of them a railfan special, meet at Millington, N.J., on the single-track Gladstone Branch on Sunday, May 20, 1956. Completed in 1931, the Lackawanna's 3,000-volt direct-current system was the last of its type installed on a U.S. railroad. Fittingly, D.C. proponent Thomas Edison was at the controls of the ceremonial first train out of Hoboken Terminal.

Bob Krone

For the commuters in fedoras and overcoats at Ridgewood, N.J., it's just another trip to the office on the Erie Railroad. Part of the routine on this November 1955 morning is PA No. 859 and seven Stillwell cars on a Port Jervis, N.Y.–Jersey City run. The 1947 Alco still wears its original colors, not the two-tone green passenger livery the Erie adopted in the early '50s. As a major transfer point, Ridgewood rated three platforms to serve all four tracks.

T. H. Desnoyers; Krambles-Peterson Archive

The king of all New York-area commuter transfer points is Jamaica, 11 miles east of Penn Station on the Long Island Rail Road. In this June 1957 view from the east end of the high-level platforms, Fairbanks-Morse CPA-20-5 diesel No. 2005 rolls in with a train from a non-electrified branch as a string of MP54 M.U. cars heads east. Though owned by the Pennsylvania until 1966, the LIRR shed Tuscan red for shades of gray in the early 1950s.

Photo Section

Stan Kistler

West Side Lumber Co. Shay No. 10 eases a log train downgrade near Camp 8, about 12 miles into the woods east of Tuolomne, Calif., in July 1958. Begun as the common-carrier Hetch Hetchy & Yosemite Valleys Railway, the West Side's 3-foot-gauge network peaked at more than 300 miles of main and spur tracks. No. 10 pulled the final revenue trains, in fall 1960, and now works on the Yosemite Mountain Sugar Pine tourist pike at Fish Camp, Calif.

R. L. Drake

Heisler No. 6 moves about the big Meadow River Lumber Co. mill complex at Rainelle, W.Va., on July 4, 1954. The 90-tonner is something of an oddity, being built as a saturated engine in 1929 (well into the superheated era) and receiving a Worthington feedwater heater (unusual for a geared engine) in 1941. Meadow River's last active steamer, No. 6 ran under its own power to the Cass Scenic Railroad in December 1966 and is still in service.

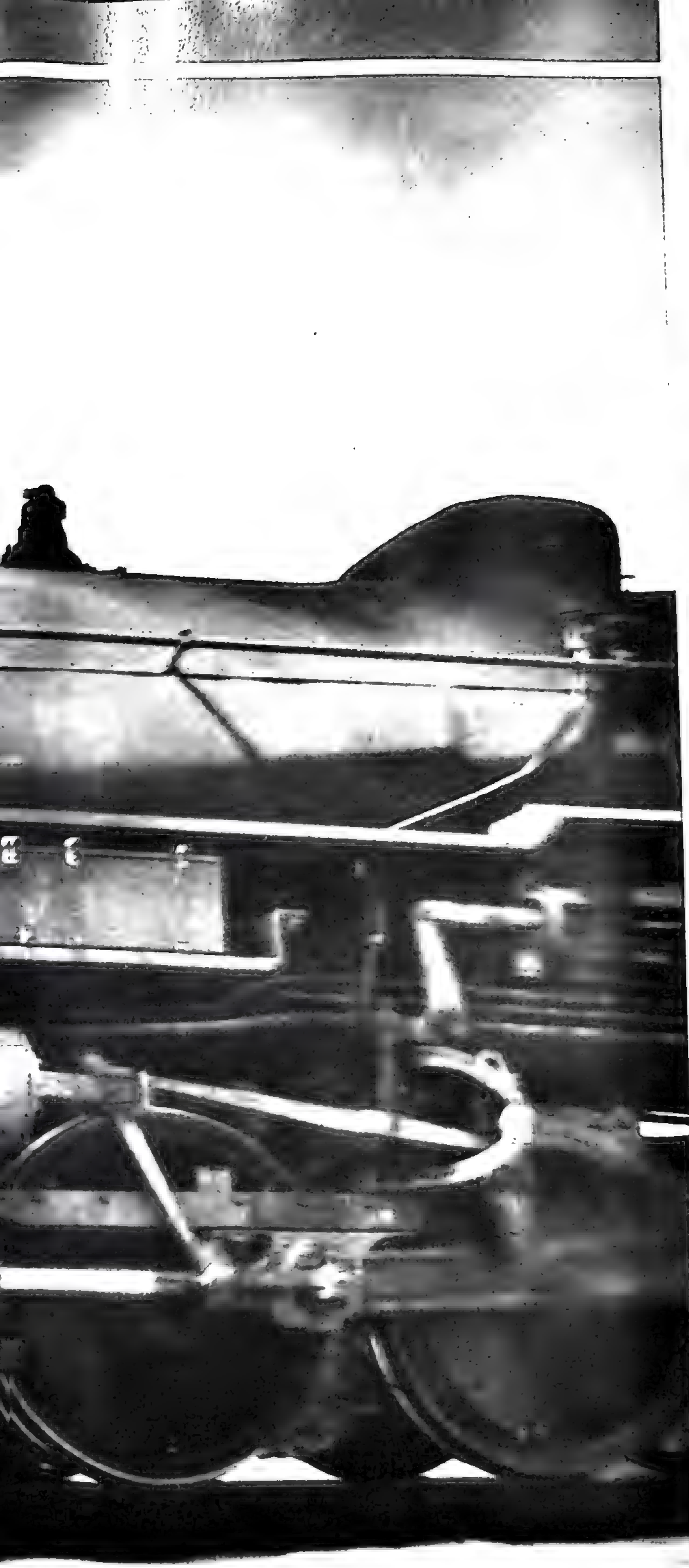
V. O. Harkness

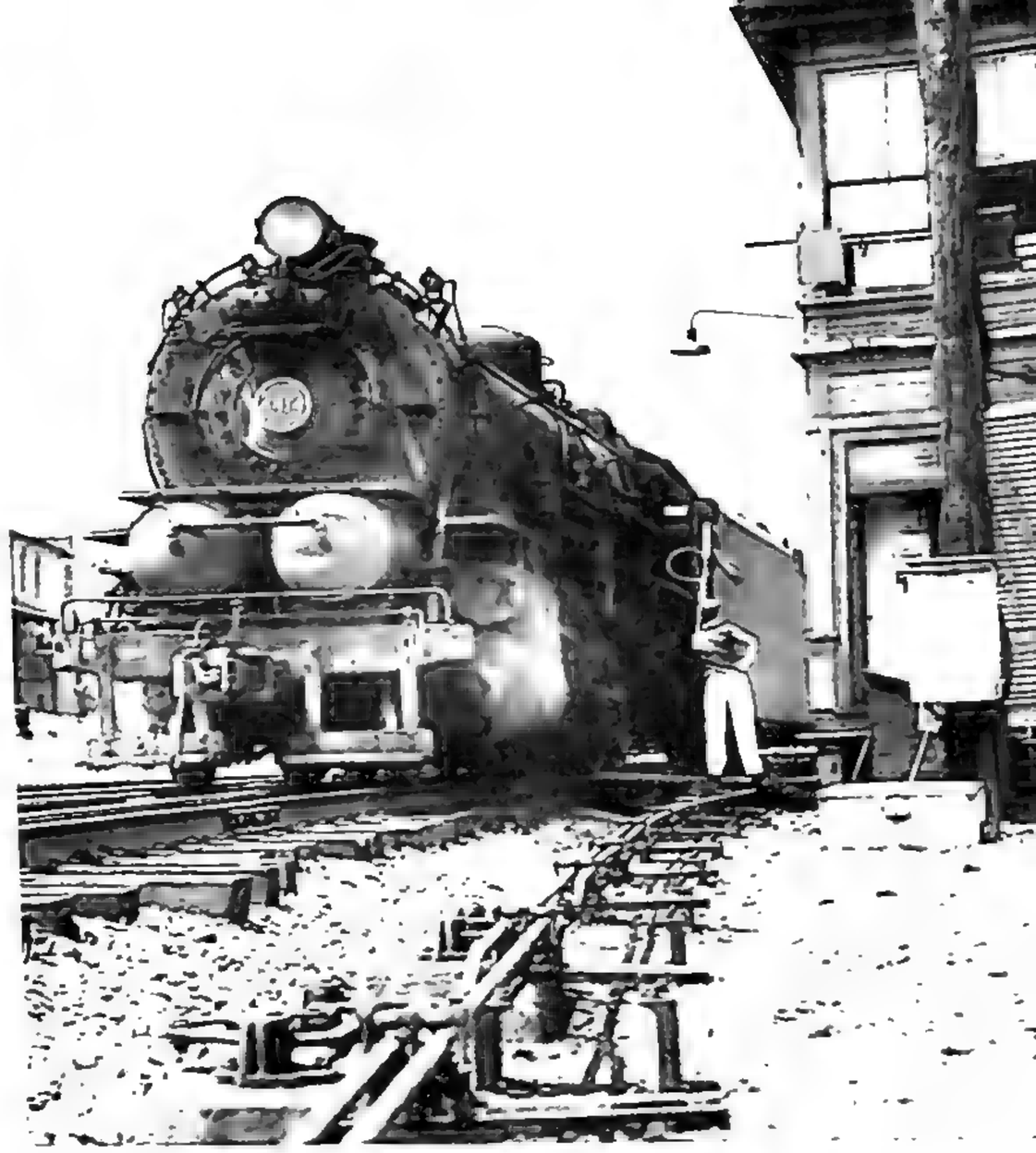
Boston's Union Freight Railroad ran 2 miles over city streets, serving harbor piers and connecting the Boston & Maine near North Station with the New Haven and Boston & Albany near South Station. Four-wheeled "steam dummies" ruled the line until 1923, when the first of four three-truck Climaxes, also shrouded, arrived. Boxy UFRR No. 8 eases its way through traffic not long before five GE 44-ton diesels replaced the Climaxes in 1946.

HIPPO COUNTRY

PRR's ponderous class I1 Decapods made a dramatic last stand on the bucolic Elmira Branch

By Jim Shaughnessy • Photos by the author





"Hippo" 4414 gets orders (above) at Newberry Tower in Williamsport as it enters the Elmira Branch with a coal train; unseen are two I1 pushers. Later in its run north, the old 2-10-0 bounds along beside Route 14 at 40 mph.

One's mental picture of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the 1950s tends to be of four tracks teeming with steam-, diesel-, and electric-powered freight and passenger trains speeding through an industrial setting. One generally doesn't think of a single track coursing through green valleys dotted with cows grazing in tree-shaded pastures beside sparkling streams under blue skies and puffy white clouds. Such a tranquil scene belongs to the likes of the Rutland or the Ontario & Western, not the mighty PRR. Nevertheless, the Pennsy possessed such bucolic lines. One of them was the Elmira Branch, which ran through the hills and valleys of northern Pennsylvania and central New York.

This picturesque line extended north from Williamsport, Pa., 165.5 miles to Sodus Point, N.Y., on the south shore of Lake Ontario 30 miles east of Rochester. The track meandered through the rolling valley of Lycoming Creek in Pennsylvania and, north of the branch's approximate midpoint of Elmira, N.Y., skirted the vineyard-dotted shores of Seneca Lake in New York's Finger Lakes region.

What would become the Elmira Branch, along with several other lines in the Williamsport-Sunbury area, were consolidated into the Northern Central Railroad in 1884 and then leased by the PRR in 1914 for 999 years. The Northern Central had built a pier at Sodus Point in 1885 for the transfer of coal from trains to lake vessels. Coal remained a principal commodity on the branch into the 1960s.

Although the line is best remembered for the spectacular coal trains to Sodus Point, it also

In a typical Elmira Branch setting, an I1 on a coal train is about to cross Lycoming Creek at Cogan Station, 8 miles out of Williamsport.

I1 4245 on a local freight stands in the hole at Trout Run, Pa., for a meet with Extra 4414 North. It's May 1957, and the 34-year-old Decapods are running out their last miles.

Hippos weren't the only rare game on the Elmira Branch. An M1 4-8-2 and a pair of PA passenger diesels, both assigned to helper service, are at Ralston, Pa., on a damp May 4, 1957.

© 2011, Kalmbach Publishing Co., CLASSIC TRAINS, Bill Metzger
Not all lines shown

carried substantial merchandise and agricultural traffic to interchange points with the New York Central, Lackawanna, Erie, and Lehigh Valley. For a single-track Pennsy route, it handled *a lot* of tonnage. The Elmira Branch even had passenger service north to Canandaigua, N.Y., with connections to Buffalo, until January 1956.

Carrying coal to Sodus Point

Typically, coal train operations consisted of three or four 90- to 95-car trains a day, originating mostly in the Clearfield coal area of central Pennsylvania, between Williamsport's Newberry Yard and Southport Yard just south of Elmira. This traffic amounted to roughly 5 million tons annually. Three or four big class I1 2-10-0's would be needed to move these trains north from Williamsport. On occasion, other locomotive types would help shoulder the load, like M1 4-8-2's and even demoted Alco PA passenger diesels. At Elmira, trains would be reclassified, with three to six 70-car consists departing daily for the trip to the Sodus Point pier during the shipping season. In 1956, the peak year, this traffic totaled 2.5 million tons.

Where did the other 2.5 million tons go? Some of it moved east on the NYC as part of a year-round pool service, using Pennsy and Central power and crews, between Southport and NYC's DeWitt Yard at Syracuse. The remainder left the PRR at various interchange points, some going to a power plant at Dresden, N.Y., on the Central.

Another big power plant, at Oswego, N.Y., on the Lake Ontario shore, accounted for about two of the 70-car Sodus Point coal trains each day. The lakeboat *Fontana*, a relatively small vessel with a capacity of 75 cars, moved the coal from the Sodus Point pier to the power plant, just a 30-mile voyage. One of the trainloads covered the daily consumption of the plant, while the other went to the stockpile that carried the plant through winter, when navigation was closed. There was, obviously, a very favorable rate

Hippo vs. Hippo! I1's with coal empties (left) and a local freight (right) meet at a rural crossing near Troy, Pa., on May 5, 1957.

At Fassett, Pa., just south of the New York state line, I1 4315 gets a roll on a Williamsport-bound freight. Rugged, simple, powerful, and compact, the I1's served for four decades.

involved to offset this extra handling.

As the steam locomotive was being replaced by diesels on America's railroads, many companies concentrated their steam operations on one division or out of one terminal. This practice precluded the need for dual servicing facilities and obtained a bit more use from the many remaining serviceable steam engines. The Elmira Branch was one of these steam "refuges."

PRR had a huge number of 2-10-0's —598, built during 1916–23. These big locomotives, weighing 381,110 lbs. with a tractive effort of 96,026 lbs., were for many years the road's primary power in heavy drag service. Their fat boilers, 10 driving wheels, and two stubby air reservoirs on the pilot beam gave them the appearance of great, lumbering beasts, giving rise to the nickname "Hippo." It was on the Elmira Branch that many of these old warriors ran their last glorious miles.

I visited the northern end of this fascinating operation at Sodus Point in July 1956 and the Watkins Glen area the following month. With word that the Hippos were still flourishing in May 1957, I planned one more visit to cover the helper district south of Elmira before it would all end. Friend Phil Hastings was on the staff of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Canandaigua then, so we arranged to meet there and spend a day with the Hippos. It was a short drive from his house to Highway 14, which was in sight of, or adjacent to, the line for much of its length.

There were several train order stations open along the line, but the operator at Trout Run was the key player, as he was the source of information on

when northbound trains were to depart Williamsport. North of Trout Run, the grade stiffened and the old Hippos got down on their knees. The ground shook, the exhaust sounds were deafening, and the sky filled with billowing plumes of smoke. It was in this section through Roaring Branch, as far as Ralston, that the helpers were needed.

After the big show

Diesels finally vanquished steam from the Elmira Branch in 1957, when the last I1, No. 4616, departed Southport Yard for Williamsport on September 13. In 1963, much of the coal destined for the Oswego power plant began moving in unit trains over Erie Lackawanna's ex-DL&W Syracuse branch, and the volume of coal shipped from the Sodus Point dock diminished significantly. The last lake steamer was loaded there on December 11, 1967, and the dock was destroyed by fire on November 5, 1971, as it was being demolished. Only the foundations remain, now used as a fishing pier.

To the south, the formation of Penn Central in February 1968 allowed considerable traffic to be routed over the former NYC Corning Secondary line, taking advantage of its easier grades and curves through the Finger Lakes area. This, along with the loss of significant coal tonnage, cast a cloud over the future of the Elmira Branch. Mother Nature, however, had the last word!

Tropical Storm Agnes roared into the area on June 22, 1972, with torrential rain. The raging Lycoming Creek washed away many bridges and miles of roadbed. PC applied for abandonment the next day, and the whole line south of Elmira was taken out of service. PC attempted to operate the remaining track north of Elmira, but over the next few years the railroad abandoned sections north of Stanley.

Penn Central itself was combined with several other bankrupt eastern railroads on April 1, 1976, to form Conrail, and the new company had even less need for what remained of the Elmira Branch. Today, only two segments remain: Sodus Point–Newark (run by short line Ontario Midland) and Penn Yan–Watkins Glen (Finger Lakes Railway). To the south, the cinders are still deep on the old roadbed, but silence prevails in the valley of Lycoming Creek. ■

More on our website
See more of Jim Shaughnessy's Elmira Branch photos at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

A hostler fills the sand dome of I1 4587 at the Southport engine terminal on September 13, 1956. Just over a year later, sister 4616 departed here on the branch's last steam run.

At the Sodus Point pier, an I1 jockeys hopper cars as it loads the lake steamer *Fontana* with coal. The self-unloader will carry its load just 30 miles, to a power plant at Oswego, N.Y.

The little white frame house by the tracks

How a curmudgeonly engineer's curiosity led to Christmas gifts, an excursion train, and a love story

By Jack Elwood • Photos by Stan Kistler

Six decades ago, railroad men as a group perhaps were not known to be sympathetic to the troubles of others. Certainly many had a reputation of being a bunch of cussing, hard-drinking, macho types, understandable given the dangerous conditions and unpredictable schedules under which they worked. Often, family life was a victim.

There have been, of course, numerous exceptions to those generalities, and this is one such tale. It took place on the Second District of the Santa Fe Railway's Los Angeles Division, the main line east through Pasadena, Arcadia, Monrovia, and Azusa to San Bernardino.

In 1950, Santa Fe ran five passenger trains each way daily on the Second District. About a mile east of Monrovia, 16 miles out of Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal in the community of Duarte, was a small white frame house just across Duarte Road, which paralleled the tracks on the south. As they passed this house, engine and train crews began to notice that, at a front window, a stick with a cloth flag would wave back and forth as they passed. Engineers would be whistling for road crossings both east and west of the house, so people inside would know when a

Jill Miller, driven into L.A. by the photographer, poses with the Redondo Junction roundhouse crew in 1951 (above). Orrie Kelly is to her left. Santa Fe local 42, with 4-6-2 3445 (opposite page), passes Jill's home on Duarte Road, out of the photo at the left, on January 1, 1952.

train was coming. The flag-waving occurred for every train, so crews began to wonder what was up.

O. D. "Orrie" Kelly was a veteran regular engineer on train 20, the *Chief*, which passed the little white frame house at 1:25 p.m. every day. Kelly was a cranky old guy, not known to say anything nice about anyone, always voicing his complaints, a good engineer but a hard guy to work with. Strangely enough, it was Kelly who began to ask other crews if anyone knew anything about the flag-waving at the little white frame house. No one knew a thing.

At this point Kelly just had to find out, so on one trip, after he reached Los Angeles on the *Chief* and took the locomotive to the Redondo Junction roundhouse in L.A., he got into his car and drove back to Monrovia to check out the situation.

Kelly knocked on the front door, and it was answered by an adult woman. After he told her who he was and what he was curious about, she led him to the front bedroom of the house, whose window faced the tracks. In a bed facing the inside wall was the woman's 18-year-old daughter, bedridden with rheumatic fever. A mirror on the inside wall allowed her to see outside.

A stick that passed though a small opening in the window was connected to the upright stick outside with the flag on it. She would move the stick, and the flag outside would wave back and forth. Being confined to the bed, this was her way of keeping in touch with the outside world. Her name was Jill Miller.

Naturally, the story of Jill Miller soon was all over the railroad. Kelly spearheaded the monetary collections that poured in from all points and every department. Since Christmas was near, gifts for the ill teen in the little white frame house by the tracks became a must. The men bought her a television set—a relative rarity in those days—and a plush reclining chair.

On the day of Christmas Eve, Kelly obtained permission from Santa Fe management to stop the eastbound *Chief* opposite the house and unload the TV set and recliner chair from the baggage car. The crew carried them across Duarte Road and placed them in the little white frame house for Jill's Christmas.

So that is the story of how grumpy old engineer instigated a gracious humanitarian gesture for a bedridden girl,

Jill Miller and Orrie Kelly pose on the October 28, 1951, special on car 1509, which at the time was painted in two-tone gray, as shown in the L.A. coach yard in the 1960s. Power for the special was two-unit FT 168, pictured at right on August 18, 1951, on its regular run, train 75.

which escalated into many of the railroaders on Santa Fe's L.A. Division, as well as others, opening their hearts.

The story doesn't end there, however.

With official sanction, men in the Santa Fe signal department went out to the house and erected a pole with lights by the window, and a switch, so Jill could signal trains as they went by at night as well as in the daytime.

There is still more. Jill's story was not confined to Santa Fe railroaders, for the *Los Angeles Times* published an article, with pictures by noted rail photographer Stan Kistler, who was active with the Railway Club of Southern California and whom Orrie Kelly had introduced to Jill and her mother. Kistler reports that he and fellow club members visited Jill several times, bringing movies of club excursions to show her.

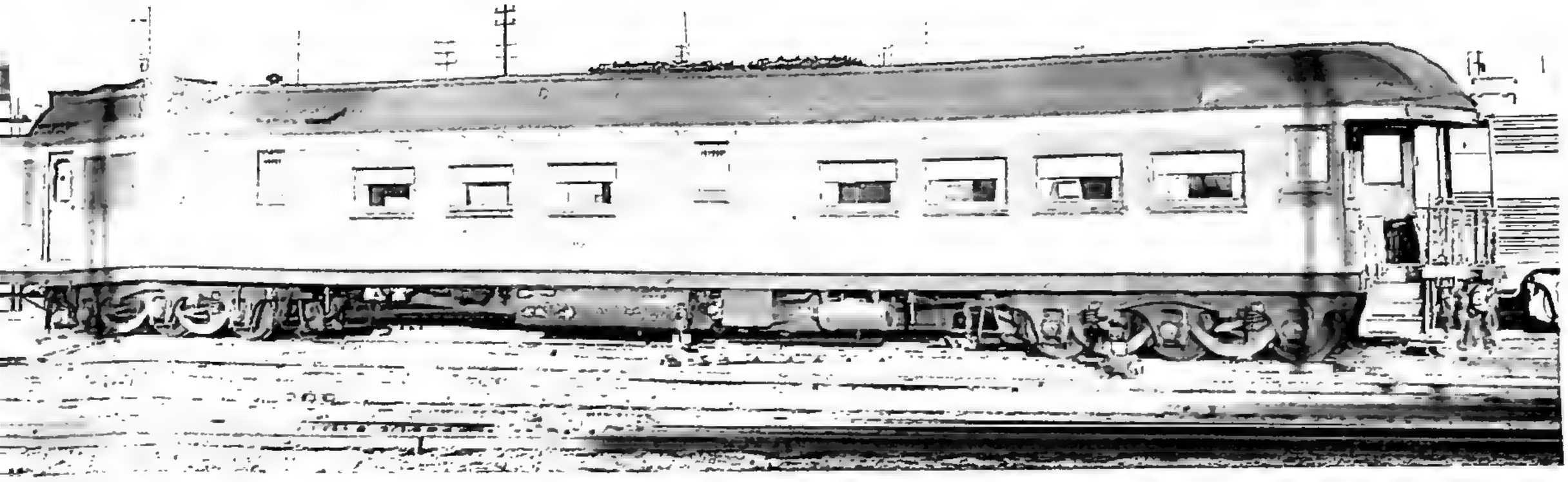
During these visits, Kistler learned of Jill's desire to see the Pacific Ocean. This led to John Ferris, manager of the railway club, proposing to Forrest Emerson of Santa Fe's Passenger Department in L.A. that the club sponsor an excursion train to San Diego, with Jill as guest of honor.

Thus did the "Jill Miller's Holiday" special come about on Sunday, October 28, 1951. Santa Fe diesel No. 168, one of the FT A-B sets repainted in "Warbonnet" red and silver for passenger service and normally assigned to trains 70 and 75 between L.A. and San Diego, led the 10-car train. Orrie Kelly (who else!) was at the throttle. The rest of the crew, all volunteers who'd been hand-picked by Jill and who were among the many railroaders who went to visit her in their off-duty hours, were conductor Frank Leach, brakemen Claude Carlock and Ben Shipp, and fireman Louie Adams.

The train consisted of eight chair cars, a lightweight Pullman sleeper from the 1938 *Chief*, and open-platform café-observation car 1509, which was kept in Los Angeles for excursions and other charters. The car had a small galley, seating for 18 at tables, and a bar and lounge area at the rear.

Although the San Diego-bound special originated in Los Angeles, it first headed out to Monrovia so Jill could board at her nearest station. The 200 or so fare-paying passengers boarded at LAUPT, and the train ran east on the Second District with the consist in reverse, *i.e.*, with the observation car behind the locomotive. A taxi brought Jill to the train at the Monrovia depot. She was set up in a room in the Pullman car, and Santa Fe even provided a courier-nurse, Elizabeth Grabowski, to accompany and assist her.

At Monrovia, the FT's cut off and ran light to Azusa, turned on the wye there to head west, returned to Monrovia, and coupled to the front of the train. The special then returned to L.A., bypassing LAUPT at Mission Tower, and headed south. Down the Third District to Fullerton it went, and onto the scenic Fourth District, popularly known as the "Surf Line" because it hugs the Pacific shore from Serra to about 20 miles north of San Diego (today it's the route of Amtrak California's extremely popular *Pacific Surfliners*).



The return trip was the same, in reverse, and a taxi took Jill home from the Monrovia depot.

It was a wonderful trip for Jill.

But wait, the story doesn't end yet. As time went by, Jill made a remarkable return to good health, supported by her many friends as well as medical advancements. Despite her mother being told by doctors that Jill probably would not live beyond age 25, she was able to go to high school, and graduated. (Moreover, she is still living—see "Second Section.")

Now, the Santa Fe's Second District that went by her house, while basically the main line for the passenger-train fleet (most freights between San Bernardino and Los Angeles took the Third District, via Riverside and Fullerton), also hosted a local freight that ran daily between "San Berdoo" and L.A.

One of the shippers on the line was an industrial oxygen plant, located on a spur just across Duarte Road from the little white frame house of Jill Miller and her family. The engine on the local freight, which would have work to do on that spur almost every day, was in the charge of a young engineer named Harold Bussy, who worked out of San Bernardino.

When his local had switching work at that oxygen plant, Harold would have his fireman run the engine and he would go across the street and visit with Jill Miller. Apparently as time went by they became good friends, and love blossomed. Jill had regained her health, and in due time it was reported around the railroad that Harold and Jill would be married.

That nuptials took place, and Jill moved to San Bernardino and became Jill Bussy, railroad wife, joining the many friends in the "family" she had gained through her waving of a flag on a stick when she was ill. It all came to pass because a grumpy old engineer had made it his business to find out what was going on in Duarte in the little white frame house by the tracks. ■

Great Photographers

Harold K. Vollrath

In a March 1942 scene at Raceland Junction, La., on SP's Texas & New Orleans subsidiary, 4-6-2 No. 612 approaches with a westbound troop extra as First 242 waits in the clear.

A classic Vollrath roster shot shows Rock Island 2-8-2 No. 2670 at Kansas City in late 1947.

December 1941 TRAINS magazine featured Vollrath's picture of a Reading 2-8-0—and, uniquely, his photo credit—on the cover.

A Depression-era "engine picture kid" also produced fine action photos as he turned his passion for steam locomotives into a 46-year railroad career

By Fred B. Furminger • Photos by Harold K. Vollrath

The credit line "Harold K. Vollrath collection" has appeared below hundreds of photographs in dozens of railroad publications over several decades. By making his collection of some 50,000 negatives (about 8,000 of which are his own work) available to book and magazine authors and editors, Vollrath has contributed greatly to the cause of railroad history, particularly with respect to locomotives. Now 88, Vollrath still regularly fills orders for 8x10-inch black-and-white prints—and he does it the tried-and-true way, with enlarger and darkroom, not computer and laser printer. Moreover, Vollrath leveraged his early passion for railroads into a 46-year career with the Kansas City Southern and other carriers. For him, life has been a railroad love affair.

Born on January 6, 1923, near New York City, Vollrath was named for his father, Harold, who was originally from Philadelphia, and his mother, the former Delaware Kemper, who hailed from Franklin, La. To differentiate between the elder and younger Harolds in the family, the son became known as "K," a nickname that spread beyond the family and endures to this day.

The Vollraths lived in Yonkers, N.Y., near the New York Central's electrified Hudson Division main line. When his father took K for walks, they often went to a small station called Ludlow to watch trains. When K was 2 years old, his father taught him how to count by having him tally the cars in passing freight trains.

Introduction to steam

Heavy rains in April 1927 caused widespread flooding in the Mississippi River basin. K's mother was concerned about her family in Louisiana, so in early summer, K and his parents were on a train heading to Franklin for a visit. By the time they arrived, things were getting back to normal.

K's grandfather Kemper was president and part owner of Sterling Sugars, Inc., located at Sterling, La. The sugar mill had a plant railroad, a 3-mile pike between Sterling and Franklin, where it interchanged with Southern Pacific subsidiary Texas & New Orleans.

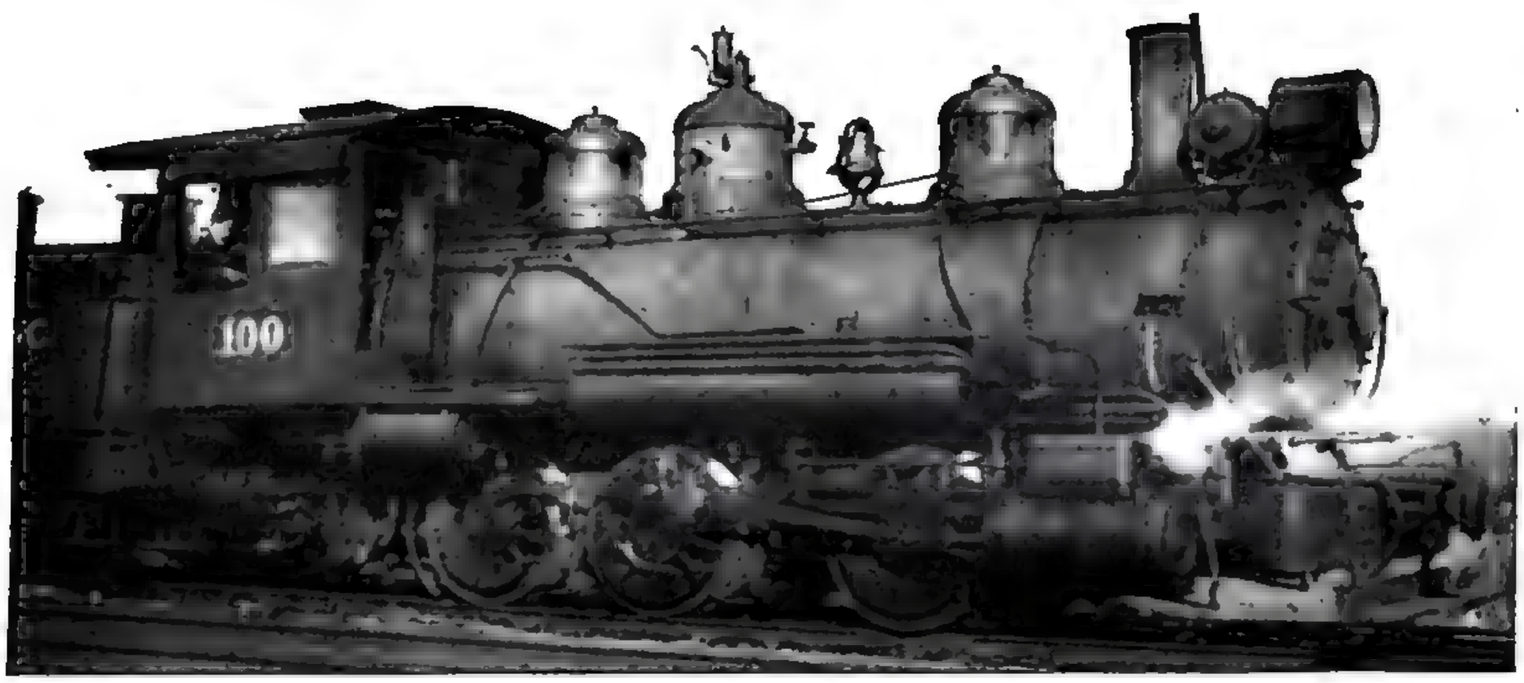
K and his parents stayed with grandfather Kemper in his big house on the mill property. One day K noticed a steam engine pulling into the yard by the plant. It was a T&NO Mogul, the engine off the regular afternoon passenger train from Milton, La., and the crew was tying up for the night. When the engine crew saw the sugar company president and his grandson, they hoisted the youngster up into the cab for a tour. The engineer sat the boy on his seat and let him blow the whistle and ring the bell. The fireman opened the firebox door and let K look into the red-hot fire and feel the intense heat. This scared the little boy half to death! It was some time before he wanted to go up into the cab of a steam engine again, but the experience is a treasured memory.

Back home, during the next several summers while K was off from school, he often went along with his father on one-day business trips to manufacturing plants in New Jersey. There were often rail lines nearby, and Harold Sr. made a special effort to park near the tracks so K could watch trains while his dad made his sales calls. On these trips, K became familiar with the steam locomotives of various railroads. At home he saw mostly electric locomotives and M.U. trains; now he could distinguish between steam and electric power and, boy, did he love those steam engines!

In 1932, when K was 9, he started hanging around NYC's Harlem Division station in Bronxville, where his family now lived. He recalls, "The first time I went into the station, the ticket agent told me I was not allowed on railroad property unless I was going to buy a ticket. I told him I didn't have any money to buy a ticket and he promptly ran me off. Being a very persistent kid, I kept coming back. He probably ran me off two or three more times before he let me stay around. After he got to know me, he let me write out the baggage tags for passengers going out on the long-distance trains."

Harold K. Vollrath

A section crew at the Franklin, La., depot pays little heed as T&NO Mikado 766 rushes past with freight 241 in 1942. Cars of bananas out of New Orleans are on the head end.



Vollrath's mother took this photo of her 12-year-old son at the throttle of Sterling Sugars 0-6-0 No. 100 in December 1935 at Sterling, La. Her father was president of the mill.

Life during the Depression

In spring 1933, K's father got a job offer from the Sylvania Company in the research and development field. It meant moving to Fredericksburg, Va., but he felt it was in the best interest of the family so he took the job. As it happened, the Vollraths moved to a house near the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac passenger station, which K soon found.

On one visit, K discovered at the station newsstand a pulp magazine called *Railroad Stories*. He liked what he saw inside and handed over the cover price of 15 cents—a lot of money for a 10-year-old in 1933. The magazine contained factual articles, fiction stories, locomotive rosters, and much more about railroading. But what K liked best were the short stories by The Engine Picture Kid, an unnamed writer who referred to himself as "an engine picture fiend and a boomer call boy that has traveled up and down most parts of the U.S.A. and Canada in search of interesting railroad shots." He had a good-looking girlfriend named Goldenrod Higgins, a lady hogger on the Happy Valley Railroad.

Unfortunately, Harold Sr.'s Sylvania job ended after only eight months, so the family moved back to their still-unsold house in Bronxville. In those hard times, K's father had difficulty landing a steady job. Life became increasingly difficult for the family.

In December 1935, K's mother took him and his younger sister down to Louisiana for a month-long visit. It was the end of grinding season, and Sterling Sugars' Baldwin 0-6-0 was fired up. K rode in the cab all day every day for a week, absorbing everything. One day, under the close supervision of engineer Souly Fisher and fireman Charlie Breaud, he ran the engine over to the T&NO interchange at Franklin, hauling 19 cars out and 12 back. During a week when the engineer laid off, the fireman ran the engine while 13-year-old K fired.

First engine pictures

A regular item in *Railroad Stories* was the International Engine Picture Club, which listed rail photographers and collectors who took locomotive photos and also wanted to sell, buy, or trade them. These photographers came to be known as Engine Picture Kids after the story series in the magazine. The objective was to collect negatives of as many different locomotives as possible. The ideal photo was a ¾-angle portrait of an engine, well lit, with the side rods down, and no obstructions. The photographer would snap off a whole roll of eight exposures, keeping the best one for himself. He would then trade the extra seven negatives to other collectors and get seven others for his collection. K liked the idea—but he didn't own a camera. After explaining the situation to his mother, she came up with a solution in the form of a Kodak 127 Autographic. Harold Sr. obligingly took his boy to NYC's North White Plains roundhouse, where he took his first engine pictures. The results were not what K expected, but he kept trying until he got it right.

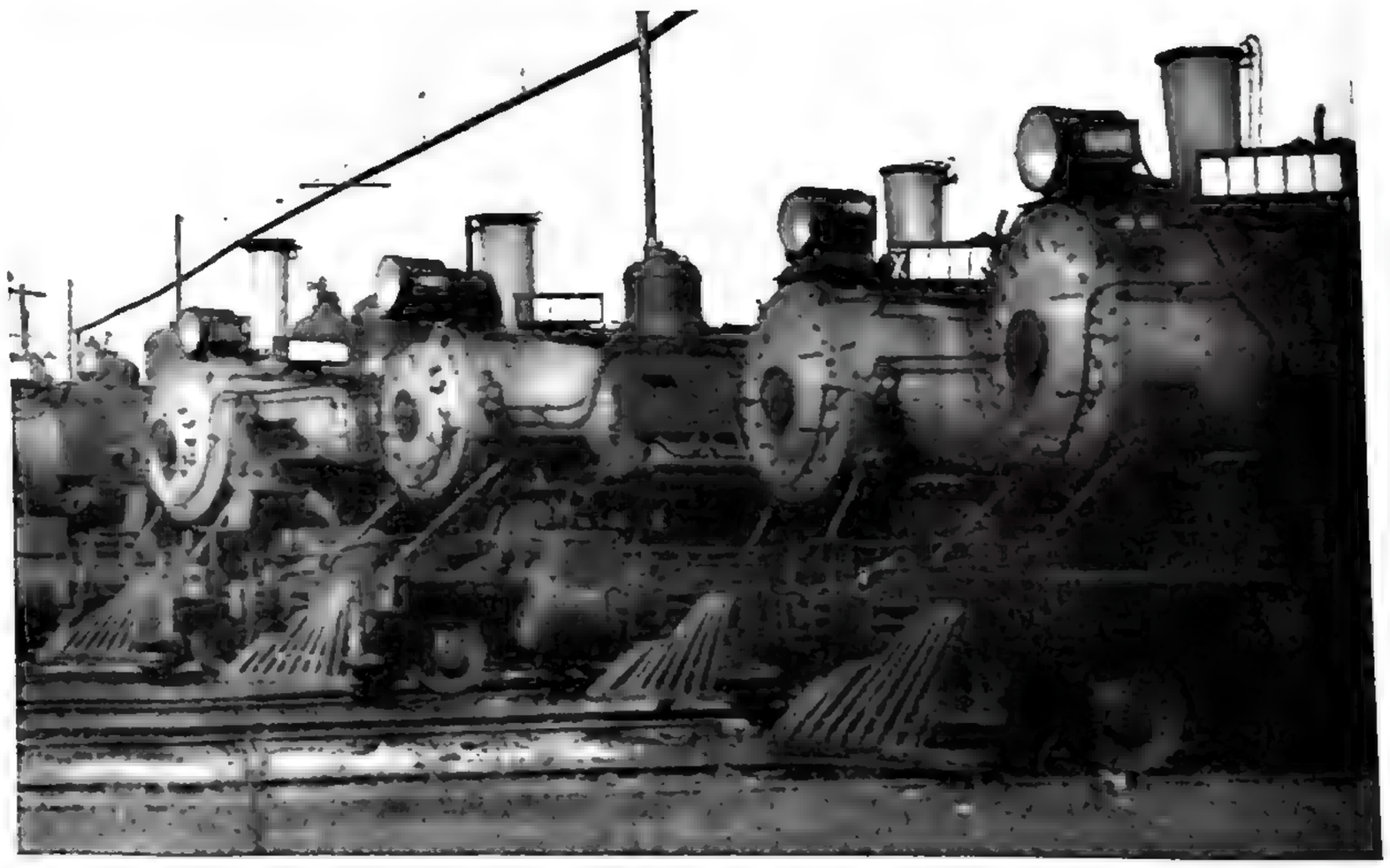
In addition to the family's economic stresses, K's mother was dealing with some health problems. One morning in October 1936 she announced she was taking K's sister and going back to live in Louisiana. The following year, Harold Sr. and K moved to the Germantown section of Philadelphia, where they rented an apartment not far from where K's grandmother Vollrath lived. By this time K had switched to a Kodak 620 folding camera for his engine pictures, but he was not quite satisfied with the results. He finally settled on a 616 folding camera that produced much better pictures. In 1938 K began collecting and trading negatives in earnest—he was an Engine Picture Kid!

During K's high school years, when he wasn't in class or helping out his grandmother, he was taking engine pictures. Riding his bicycle, he covered the railroads in and around Philadelphia and even rode as far as Allentown and Bethlehem once, a trip of well over 100 miles! K's negative collection grew, as did the list of collectors he traded with. One was Gerald M. Best of Los Angeles, a preeminent rail photographer. K considered Best his mentor and they became close friends.

Back to Louisiana

During his senior year, K got a job at Dedicker's Photo Lab. He started out by picking up exposed film at drug stores and delivering the processed film and prints back to those stores on his bicy-

Wallace Stevens, T&NO agent at Franklin, hands up orders to late-running train 6, the *Argonaut*, in June 1942. Vollrath taught Stevens photography in exchange for telegraphy lessons.



T&NO Moguls (from right) 497, 498, 495, and 445 enjoy a rest at Lafayette, La., during a weekend in 1942. Come Monday, they'll go back to work on various local branch lines.

Harold K. Vollrath

Resplendent in a blue, ivory, and silver paint scheme, Texas & Pacific 4-6-2 No. 712 raises dust with train 22, the *Louisiana Eagle*, at Marshall, Texas, in September 1949.

Rio Grande 2-8-2 No. 478 is ready to depart Durango, Colo., with the *San Juan* for Alamosa on May 8, 1946. The Mike still works out of here, for the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge.

cle. Soon he was working in the lab, developing film and printing pictures. This worked out very well for K, because he was allowed to develop his own film when he had the time.

Upon completing high school in June 1941, K headed to Louisiana for a visit with his mother and the rest of the family. Grandfather Kemper offered him a job in the mill collecting sugar samples at 17 cents an hour, the second lowest paying job in the plant. K worked 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., seven days a week. He soon moved up to bench chemist, and then warehouse foreman.

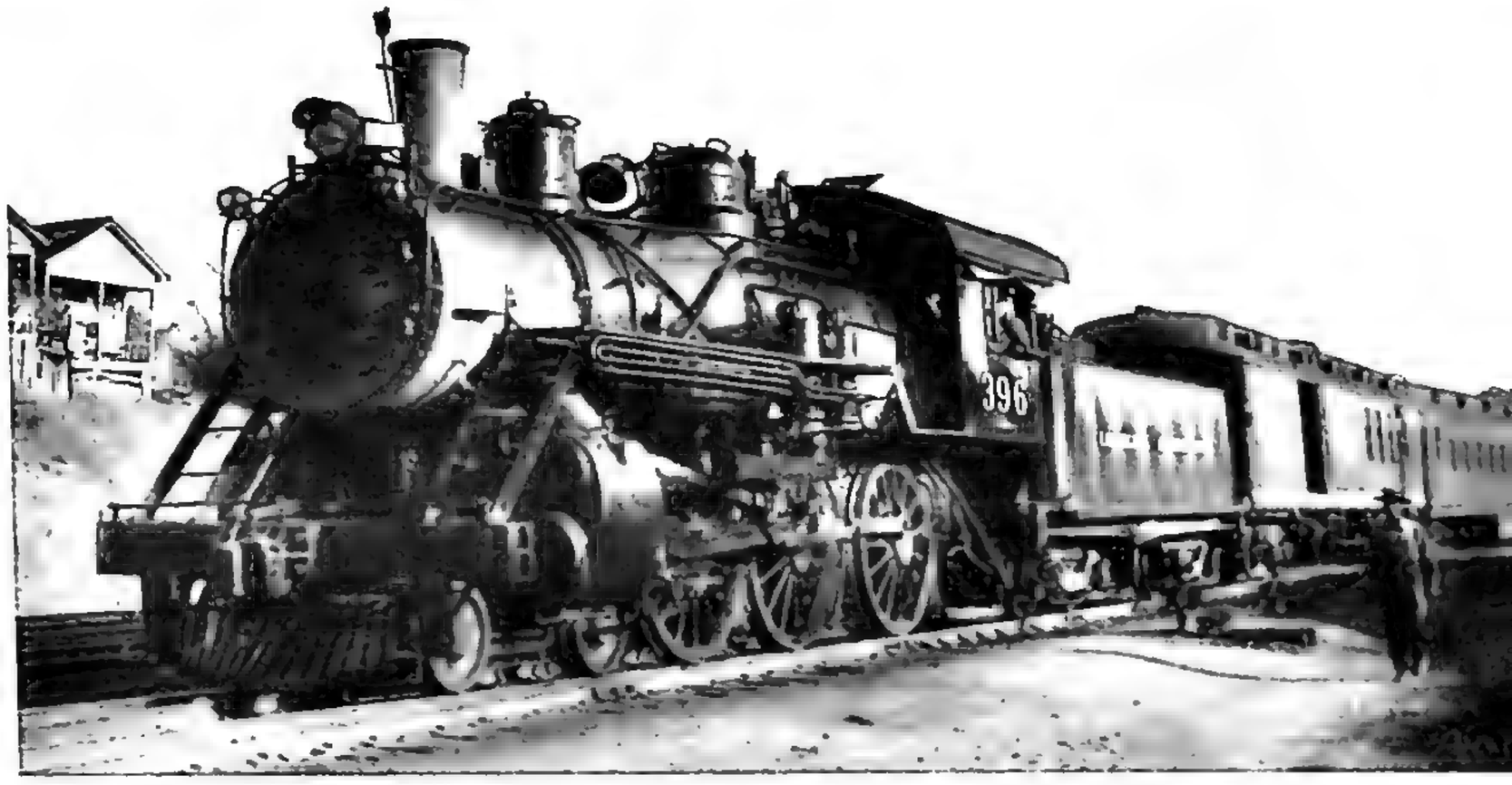
By this time, TRAINS magazine had been launched, and K began contributing. He scored a coup when Publisher Al Kalmbach selected a photo of his for the December 1941 cover, and, at K's suggestion, printed the 18-year-old's name in the lower-left corner! This is believed to be the only time a photo credit has appeared on a TRAINS cover.

K spent most of his spare time taking pictures around the T&NO Franklin depot. He got to know the first-trick operator, Wallace Stevens, who gave him lineups of what trains were expected. Wallace became interested in K's hobby and wanted to learn how to take pictures, develop film, and make prints. K struck a deal with Wallace. He would teach him about photography and in return, Wallace would teach K Morse code and how to use the telegraph key. During this time, the engine picture kid tried his hand at action photos.

Hiring out on the T&NO

After the U.S. entered World War II, the railroads began losing men to the draft in large numbers. By early 1942, K had completed his telegraphy "course" with Wallace Stevens. The T&NO had job openings, so in April K went to Louisiana Division headquarters in Lafayette and applied for a position as an operator. A month later, he was an official T&NO station operator. He was placed on the extra board and sent to Morgan City, La., one of the division's

In a November 1947 view, Missouri Pacific E3 No. 7001 is at Atchison, Kans., with train 106, the Omaha–St. Louis *Missouri River Eagle*.



Vollrath's favorite Ten-Wheeler on KCS subsidiary Louisiana & Arkansas was 1915 Baldwin No. 396, pictured departing Shreveport on May 4, 1949, with the *Shreveporter* for Hope, Ark.

busier stations, where he relieved on first trick, holding the job for 10 days.

In July '42, K received a letter from Uncle Sam requesting his services in the military. However, a broken back that he'd suffered in a car accident the year before caused him to be classified as 4-F, and he was told he could stay on the railroad.

Over the next three years, K had many opportunities to hold a regular operator's job, but chose to stay on the extra board. His goal was to learn and work every station on the main line and as many branchline stations as possible. Thus, he learned about the entire division and was able to go wherever, and whenever, he was needed. He became known as the man to call on short notice when problems developed at any of the stations.

Film was scarce in the war years, so K's picture-taking activities were severely curtailed. Besides, he was so busy working that he didn't have a lot of spare time for photos.

K was interested in becoming a dispatcher, so when he was working as an operator and there were lulls in the activity, he would listen in on the dispatcher's phone to learn as much as he could. In late 1944 he was given a chance to learn the two dispatcher's desks at division headquarters in Lafayette. Within a few months he could handle both desks, Lafayette to Echo, Texas, and Lafayette to New Orleans.

This was the beginning of K's train-dispatching career. When he was dispatching the west end of the division from Lafayette to Echo, he had to deal with seven stations, all of which were handled by female operators because so many men had gone to war. At Echo, a girl named Faye King held the operator's job. By the end of 1945, K was taking the train to Echo once a week on his off day to visit her, and soon they were married.

Two years on the boomer trail

After World War II, returning servicemen were reclaiming their old jobs on the railroad, and business was in a slump. In March 1947, K was bumped back to operator. It was doubtful he could hold even that job for long, so he resigned from the T&NO and began what turned out to be a two-year stint as a boomer. Following vegetable rushes, vacation relief work, and a "lifetime" job that lasted only six months, he dispatched for the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico; San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf; Rock Island Lines; New Orleans, Texas & Mexico; Beaumont, Sour Lake & Western; and the Katy. (All but Rock Island and Katy became part of Missouri Pacific.)

All these different jobs required a lot of relocation. After his second move, K and Faye purchased a 19-foot house trailer that he towed behind their car. This enabled him, upon being cut off from one job, to pick up and get to the

Harold K. Vollrath

Illinois Central 2-8-2's 1515 (left) and 1794 meet in 1951 at Haughton, La., on the old Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific. "Almost a running meet," recalls Vollrath, a dispatcher.

Kansas, Oklahoma & Gulf gas-electric M-23, assembled by GE in 1939 using parts from other cars, stands at Denison, Texas, on July 8, 1954. M-23 was scrapped a few months later, after its Denison–Muskogee, Okla., run, the last Muskogee Group varnish, was discontinued.

next available job quickly before someone else could beat him to it.

On the plus side, the end of the war brought an end to film shortages. Although he was constantly on the move, K took engine pictures to enhance his collection when time allowed. The postwar era also saw the phase-out of the steam locomotive, but K's love for railroading and taking engine pictures did not subside when diesels started to appear. The way K looked at it, they were a part of railroading too. K never shot nor traded color slides. He felt too much detail was lost in color photos as compared with black-and-white.

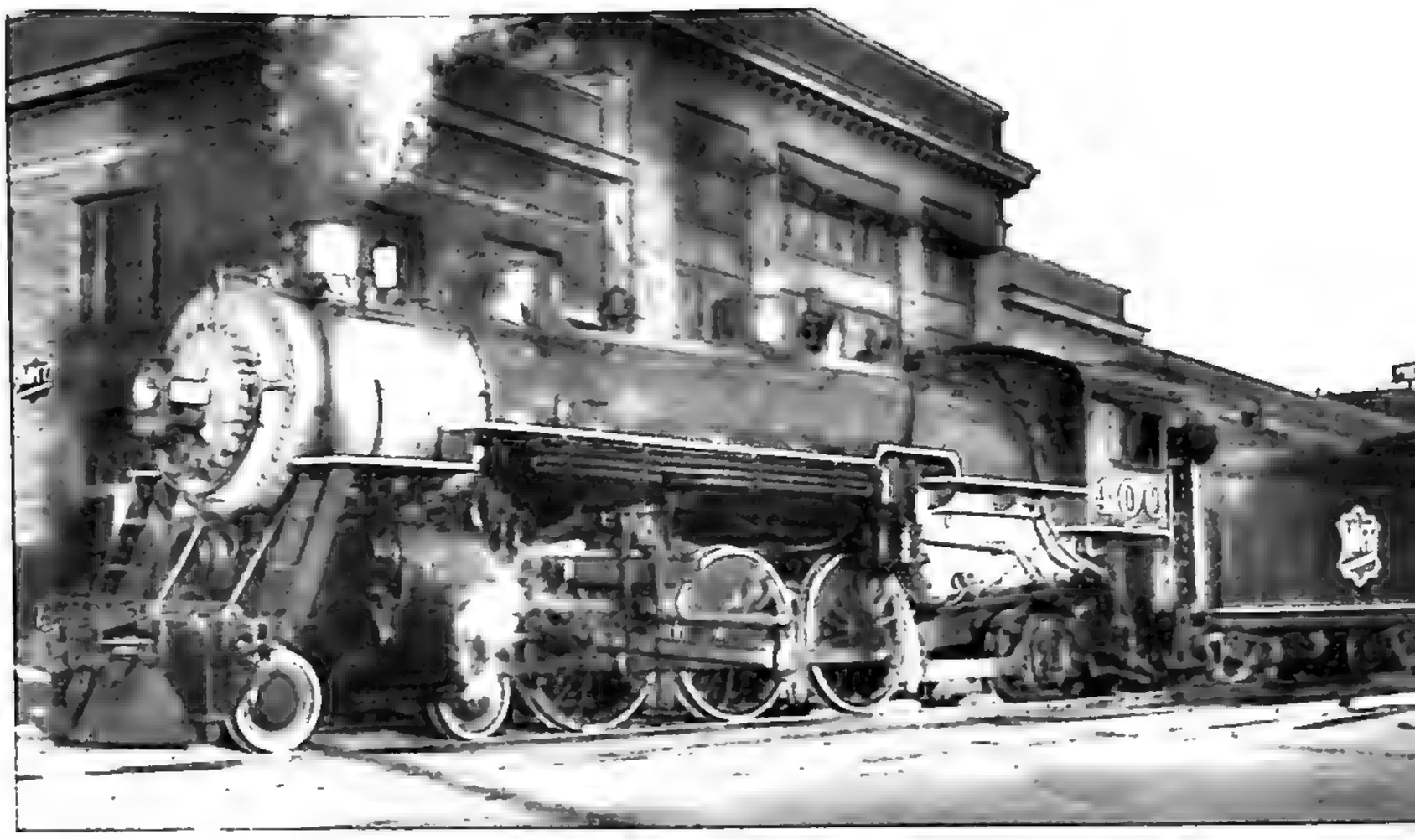
In April 1949, shortly before his job with the Katy ended, K got word of a dispatching position in Shreveport, La. He didn't even know what railroad it was on, but he headed for Shreveport in search of the job.

Three weeks turns into 15 years

It turned out that the only railroads with a dispatcher's office in Shreveport were the Kansas City Southern and its subsidiary (after 1939) Louisiana & Arkansas. K went to the KCS-L&A offices, where he secured an interview with Superintendent of Transportation R. R. Sutter. He offered K the position, but explained that it would last only three weeks, until a dispatcher out with a broken leg came back. K took the job.

K was assigned to the L&A office on third trick. Three weeks went by and nothing was said. Several more weeks elapsed, but still he heard nothing. After a while, K just kind of melted into the L&A family. By this time he was working the KCS side occasionally.

In December 1949, one of the older L&A dispatchers passed away and everyone moved up a notch in seniority, giving K a permanent dispatching job. The L&A (New Orleans–Dallas, plus the Hope, Ark., line) totaled 746 miles, all in dark territory, using train orders. A portion was on two different Morse wires. Over the next 15 years, K got to



Spic-and-span Katy Pacific 400 leaves Denison, Texas, with an extra in late 1948. Above the engine, awnings shade the windows of the dispatcher's office, where Vollrath worked then.

Vollrath's longtime employer, Kansas City Southern, was one of seven buyers of Fairbanks-Morse "Erie-built" units. A three-year-old cab-booster set rests at Shreveport in July 1949.

know the L&A like the back of his hand. He stayed on the midnight shift because it gave him time to do things at home in the afternoon and evening after getting his sleep during the morning. It also allowed him time to do more engine photography and trading of negatives for his collection.

K and Faye wanted to make sure his L&A job was secure, so they waited until May 1951 before buying a home in Shreveport and selling the house trailer they were living in. Within two years their daughter Virginia and son David were born.

A promotion to management

By 1960, K was General Chairman of the American Train Dispatchers Association, representing all of the dispatchers on the L&A. One day in 1964, he was just getting off work when he was called into the KCS-L&A General Manager's office. When he got there, the GM said, "Vollrath, how would you like to go to headquarters in Kansas City and be promoted to Assistant to the Vice President of Personnel in the Labor Relations Department?" K accepted, and soon he was on board a KCS business car on the rear of train 16 with a number of other railroad officials heading for Kansas City and his new job. Faye and the two children would follow in the coming weeks.

K remained in the ATDA and continued paying his union dues as insurance in case his management job ever disappeared for some reason. If that happened, he could go back to dispatching.

By the late 1970s, K and Faye had drifted apart, and by 1980 they were divorced. K became friends with a woman, Charlotte Groom, through his local church, and they were married. He quips, "It's not often that a man takes a Groom for his bride!"

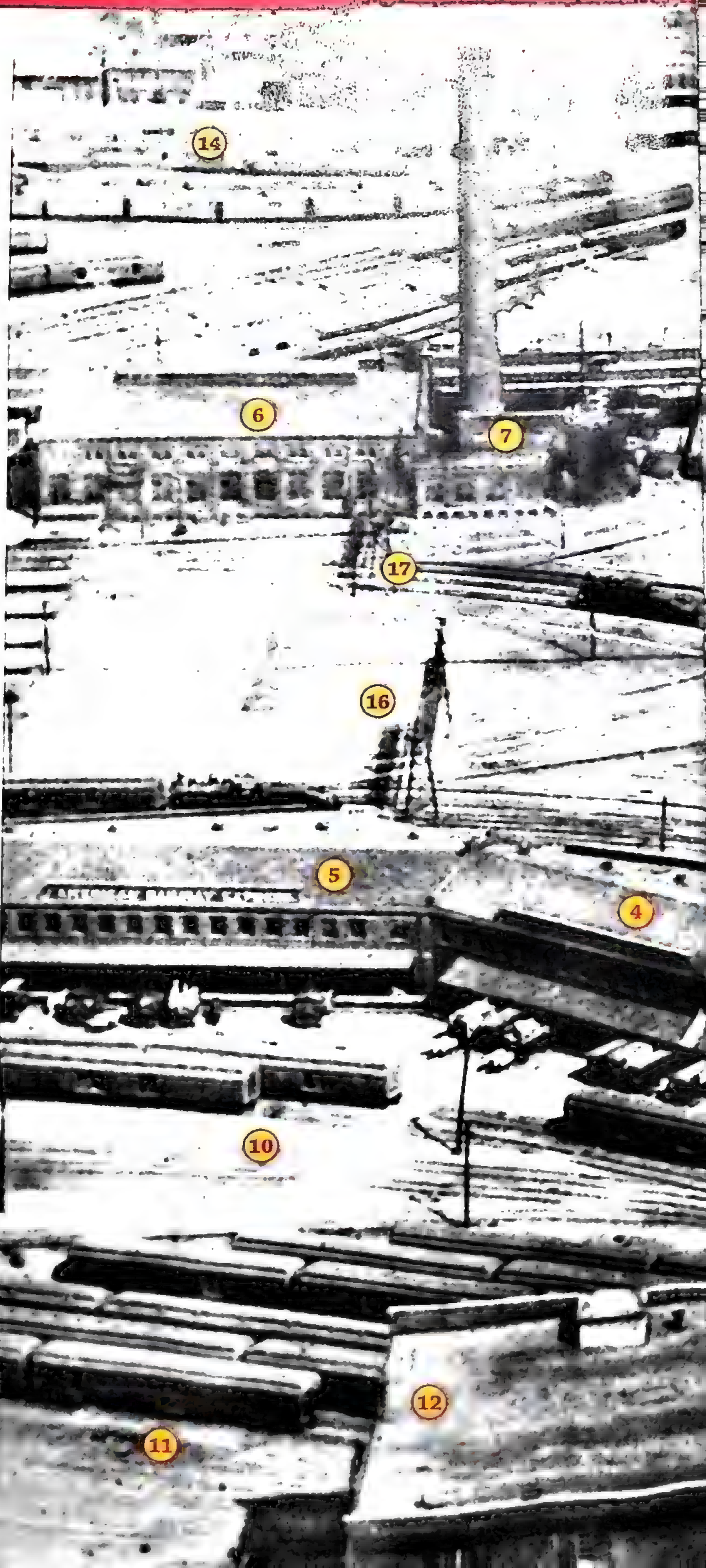
After moving from Shreveport to KCS headquarters in Kansas City in 1964, K slowly climbed the corporate ladder of the labor relations department. He held the position of Director of Labor Relations for Kansas City Southern when he retired on January 31, 1988, at age 65.

K and Charlotte still live in Kansas City and enjoy life with their dog, Nala. K has been involved with live-steam groups in the Kansas City area since 1977 and has several inch-and-a-half-scale live-steam locomotives, which he operates on a weekly basis during the good-weather months. His railroad love affair continues! ■

More on our website
See more photos from Harold K. Vollrath's collection, plus a list of his negative-trading pals, at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

St. Louis from a blimp

This view of the interlocking area of St. Louis Union Station was made in 1923 by Clint Murphy of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, who obtained the use of a blimp and made many photos in the area. When Union Station opened in September 1894, all 32 tracks funneled to one throat. Deemed adequate then, it soon became congested, compounded when St. Louis said it would host the 1904 Olympics and 1904 World's Fair. During 1902-04 the original Z Tower interlocking was removed, replaced by the pictured Tower 1, with a 215-lever machine. Working with 59-lever Tower 2, out of sight at lower right, and 47-lever Tower 3, just east of signal bridge 14, the towers controlled 321 levers with about 1,827 possible routes. The Terminal Railroad Association (TRRA) would see lots of changes, and not just at Union Station, where the single throat was changed to a double one. The express buildings were moved from the east side to the west side. Soon, as St. Louis topped 1 million people (it was the fourth largest U.S. city), the pictured track arrangement again was inadequate. The express buildings (three of the five are visible) were razed in 1929 and moved to a new Railway Express building at 18th and Clark, out of view to the left. Ten new 1,500-foot depot tracks were added, replacing the freighthouses and yards, allowing long trains of PRR and B&O to arrive and back in, and Frisco and MP trains to depart. The 14th St. coal tower and enginehouse were new in the 1902-04 rebuilding; MP, Frisco, and Wabash used their own facilities nearby. Tower 1 would burn to the ground in 30 minutes on July 22, 1940, when 214 daily trains used the station. A new Tower 1 opened in November, with 304 levers, all electro-pneumatic (as in Towers 2 and 3). The area was noted for 60 double-slip switches. For how things are today, see "Second Section."—*Larry Thomas*



Photo, collection of Wayne Leeman, from CLASSIC TRAINS files; research and text, Larry Thomas

1 Tower 1
2 Grand Crossing and signal bridge No. 8
3 U.S. Express Co.
4 Wells Fargo Express
5 American Ry. Express
6 Power house
7 Blacksmith and signal maintainer shop
8 MoPac freight yard
9 17th St. coach yard
10 Head-end tracks 1–13 (replaced by 10 new tracks in 1929)
11 21st St. coach yard (tracks 1–22; replaced by 10 new tracks in 1929)
12 TRRA shop and office
13 18th St. viaduct
14 16th St. freight yard
15 14th St. coaling tower
16 Signal bridge No. 5
17 Signal bridge No. 6
18 Signal bridge No. 7
19 Signal bridge No. 14
20 Signal bridge No. 10
21 MP freight-car repair

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

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La Crosse's streamlined station

Burlington's 1940 Lannon stone depot was more in keeping with the *Zephyrs*' image, and helped speed up schedules

By Joseph H. Hunter

The Burlington Route's station on the east side of La Crosse, Wis., just looked different to me. Maybe it was its modern, streamlined "international" styling, or the golf course just across the track from the platform. Perhaps it was the scenic location below the abruptly high Mississippi River bluffs, or maybe even the interior appointments such as the plush lounge furniture and fireplace in the cozy waiting room.

Whatever it was, that building certainly was nothing like the old, dark, often-cavernous passenger stations I was used to. There was only one track by its single platform, not even a siding or car-storage track like most stations had. Nevertheless, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy's impressive lineup of famous name trains on its Chicago–Minneapolis/St. Paul route all stopped here each day: *Twin Cities Zephyr* (later the *Morning Zephyr* and *Afternoon Zephyr*), *Empire Builder*, *North Coast Limited*, *Western Star*, *Mainstreeter*, and *Black Hawk*.

What circumstances resulted in this unique station?

The tale stated in 1935 when the Burlington introduced its new *Twin Cities Zephyr* between Chicago and Minneapolis. The lightweight, stainless-steel streamliners with the shovel-nose diesels up front were an immediate success, and capacity and equipment upgrades rapidly followed ["The Great Chicago–Twin Cities Speed War," FAST TRAINS 2009].

The service was begun as direct competition with the Milwaukee Road's new steam-powered *Hiawatha*, and having a faster Chicago-to-Minneapolis

Led by 1936 power unit 9905 *Zephyrus*, the *Twin Cities Zephyr* swings into the downtown La Crosse depot (right) circa 1939, then pulls away up 2nd Street (far right). Slow street-running was an obstacle in the speed war.

Three photos, Elden H. Hunter; author's collection

With five domes in its seven cars behind a 1936 shovel-nose power unit and an E5B, the eastbound *Morning Zephyr* stops at La Crosse's "streamlined" station in April 1949, one of 14 trains to call each day. Author Joe Hunter, in cap and blue coveralls at age 3½, absorbs it all as dad Elden takes the slide.

Elden H. Hunter; author's collection

In a view from Grandad Bluff ca. 1941, the northbound *Morning Zephyr* stops at the new station. If you look carefully today, you can spot where the station used to be.

Joseph H. Hunter

The waiting room, with a fireplace, occupied the south half of the station, whose eastward-facing picture window (at left) looked out on the track, the golf course, and Grandad Bluff.

running time was a competitive edge. Unfortunately, La Crosse was a bottleneck for "the Q." The station was in an unseemly part of downtown, just two blocks from the Mississippi riverfront at 2nd and Pearl streets. Rail access was only by several blocks of slow street-running. Grade crossings were abundant and dangerous. The location was not amenable to a fast schedule and certainly counter to the Q's new "streamliner image." (By contrast, the Milwaukee Road bisected the north side of the city, and its venerable two-story brick station, still in use today by Amtrak, was right on the main line a half mile east of its river bridges.)

Fortunately, the Burlington did have an existing, single-track freight bypass along the scenic bluffs at the east edge of town. A new station on this line would eliminate the passenger trains' street-running and decrease overall running time by up to 15 minutes. It would also remove the numerous opportunities for automobile-train conflict. Apparently the Burlington thought relocation was worth the cost, and in 1939 selected the Chicago architectural firm of Holabird & Root to design a new station worthy of its *Zephyrs*.

The station was completed in 1940. It was located in a developing residential neighborhood near the La Crosse Country Club, just north of Main Street at the foot of landmark Grandad Bluff (which was, and still is, a great photo vantage point above the city). Gushed the trade magazine *Railway Age*: "This station [was] streamlined for beauty and comfort." Indeed, it was well suited to a modern image, with white Lannon stone walls, huge stone chimneys flanking each end, and an extra-large picture window facing the track, golf links, and wooded bluffs beyond. The waiting room looked much like the interior of a streamliner's lounge car with plush mohair seats and sofas—no hardwood benches here!

The waiting room had an impressive wood-burning fireplace on its south wall, with a huge photo mural above it, plants, and polished metal art-deco ashtrays. The station's north side contained a ticket counter and office, complete with bay window and a small baggage area. A big supply of railroad timetables from all across the U.S. was always on hand, and, in my youth, the agent was usually generous with them.

Joseph H. Hunter

Great Northern's *Empire Builder*, handled from the Twin Cities to Chicago by CB&Q, stops at La Crosse on August 10, 1963, as golfers play the Country Club course at right.

Joseph H. Hunter

It's August 8, 1971, and Amtrak's *Empire Builder* has been serving La Crosse on the Milwaukee Road for three months as a BN freight passes the unused depot, which would be razed in 1974.

An asphalt-covered concrete platform outside stretched for several hundred feet along the track, partially covered by a butterfly-type canopy which was painted light gray to maintain the modern look. There was never a need to set out or pick up passenger or head-end cars at this station. If this was necessary, it could be done at the Q's North La Crosse station, a two-story red brick building on the west side of the main yard 2½ miles to the north ["Simple Pleasures of the Q Lunch," October 1987 TRAINS]. (The building still stands, incidentally, although not in railroad use.) At the new station, a hand cart sufficed for baggage, mail, and express. It was a hub of activity at train time, but at other times its isolated location made it feel almost desolate.

Interestingly, the Holabird & Root architectural firm also was a design consultant for the first *Zephyr*, and was favored by CB&Q for other projects. These included a 1938 "streamlined" ticket office in Denver and a new station in 1944 at Burlington, Iowa. Although much larger than La Crosse's depot, Burlington's is reminiscent of the design, and the two comprised one-third of a similarly styled group of Q depots from that period. The largest was at Ottumwa, Iowa, while smaller ones were built in Beardstown and Rockford, Ill., and West Quincy, Mo. Today, only the Beardstown building (modified and used by BNSF maintenance forces), and the two in Iowa (stops for Amtrak's *California Zephyr*) still stand.

La Crosse's "streamlined" station served customers of CB&Q, and briefly Burlington Northern, for more than 30 years. It was abandoned in 1971 after Amtrak forsook BN's Chicago–St. Paul route—where CB&Q had boasted "nature smiles 300 miles" for its riverside running—in favor of shifting the *Empire Builder* to the Milwaukee Road (now Canadian Pacific) in order to serve Milwaukee. The downtown La Crosse line soldiered on for years for freight access to industries, and its south end, highly pruned, is still in use by BNSF.

The "streamlined" station that held so many youthful memories for me was demolished in 1974, and an upscale subdivision now encroaches on its site. Thus do homeowners now enjoy the view once the province of passengers waiting for the *Zephyrs* and the streamliners of CB&Q's northern partners to the Pacific Northwest. ■

La Crosse's Copeland Park on the Mississippi River is home to CB&Q Hudson 4000, Milwaukee caboose 0359, and Grand Crossing Tower.

A grand display

La Crosse, Wis., honors its rail heritage with a Burlington 4-6-4, a Milwaukee caboose, and Grand Crossing tower

By Steve Glischinski • Photo by the author

La Crosse, Wis., once hosted five railroads: Burlington Route, Chicago & North Western, Green Bay & Western, La Crosse & Southeastern, and Milwaukee Road. Four of these crossed on the east side of town at the appropriately named Grand Crossing Tower. The tower, a Burlington 4-6-4, and Milwaukee Road caboose are displayed today at the city's Copeland Park.

The display got its start 1960s when CB&Q conductor Don Black pushed to get a steam engine preserved in the city. In 1961, a group of railfans formed a club, the La Crosse Short Line Railroad Co., joined by the Citizens Steam Locomotive Committee. In the forefront of the effort was Joe Rohrer Sr., of local radio station WLCX. The groups asked CB&Q for a locomotive and, after initially meeting resistance, the request was bucked up to Q President Harry Murphy. Murphy had once been assistant division superintendent at La Crosse, and approved the request.

The locomotive chosen was Hudson No. 4000, built by Baldwin in 1930 as class S-4 No. 3002. It gained fame in 1937 when CB&Q modernized it with roller bearings, lightweight rods, and a streamlined silver shroud inspired by the road's *Zephyr* diesel trains. A "name the engine" contest was held, and the winning entry was *Aeolus*—in Greek mythology, the "Keeper of the Winds." The engine was reclassified to S-4A and renumbered 4000. In 1938, an all-new sister, No. 4001, also streamlined and also named *Aeolus*, was built.

No. 4000 gained a nickname in its new incarnation. As it rolled at high speed, the hinged access panels and shroud skirting clanged and banged. Crews nicknamed it "Big Alice the Goon" after a character in the *Popeye* comic strip, although sometimes the engine was simply referred to as "Alice," a permutation of its actual name. Both S-4A's lost their shrouding in the 1940s.

(Four other Burlington Hudsons survive: No. 3001 at Ottumwa, Iowa; 3003, Burlington, Iowa; 3006, Galesburg, Ill.; and 3007, Union, Ill.)

Joining Alice would be Milwaukee Road caboose 0359, built in 1883 at the road's Dubuque shops. Engine and caboose were moved into Copeland Park in August 1963. On September 21, a dedication ceremony was held that included Burlington's Murphy and Milwaukee President William J. Quinn.

In 1991 came a new display: Grand Crossing Tower, donated to the city by Milwaukee Road successor Soo Line. The tower was built in 1928 to replace a previous one that had been wrecked in a derailment. It closed on January 28, 1991, and was dedicated on July 25, 1992. The tower is intact and contains its original control levers.

The displays belong to the City of La Crosse but are under the care of the non-profit 4000 Foundation, Ltd. Foundation President Mark Hamre says the group was formed in 1989 when there were concerns the displays were deteriorating and the city did not have funds to properly maintain them. The Foundation's goal is to restore and maintain the displays and make them more accessible to the public.

In 2003, the asbestos was removed from the 4000, and the tender and running gear were painted. Foundation member Dave Novak fabricated a new steam dome cover and jacketing. In 2011 the group hopes to complete a long effort to restore the cab interior and rebuild the headlight and Mars lights. Once complete, the lights will be returned to the engine and illuminated at night. In 2010, the city paid for and installed a new, historic-style fence around the display. After the 4000 is finished, Hamre says the group will turn its attention to the caboose.

The display is normally not open to the public, except by appointment or during the Railfair held at the park each July, which serves as the Foundation's largest fund-raiser. During the Fair there are cab tours and 4000's whistle operates with compressed air.

Thanks to the 4000 Foundation and the City of La Crosse, the future of "Big Alice" and her railroad neighbors appears secure. ■

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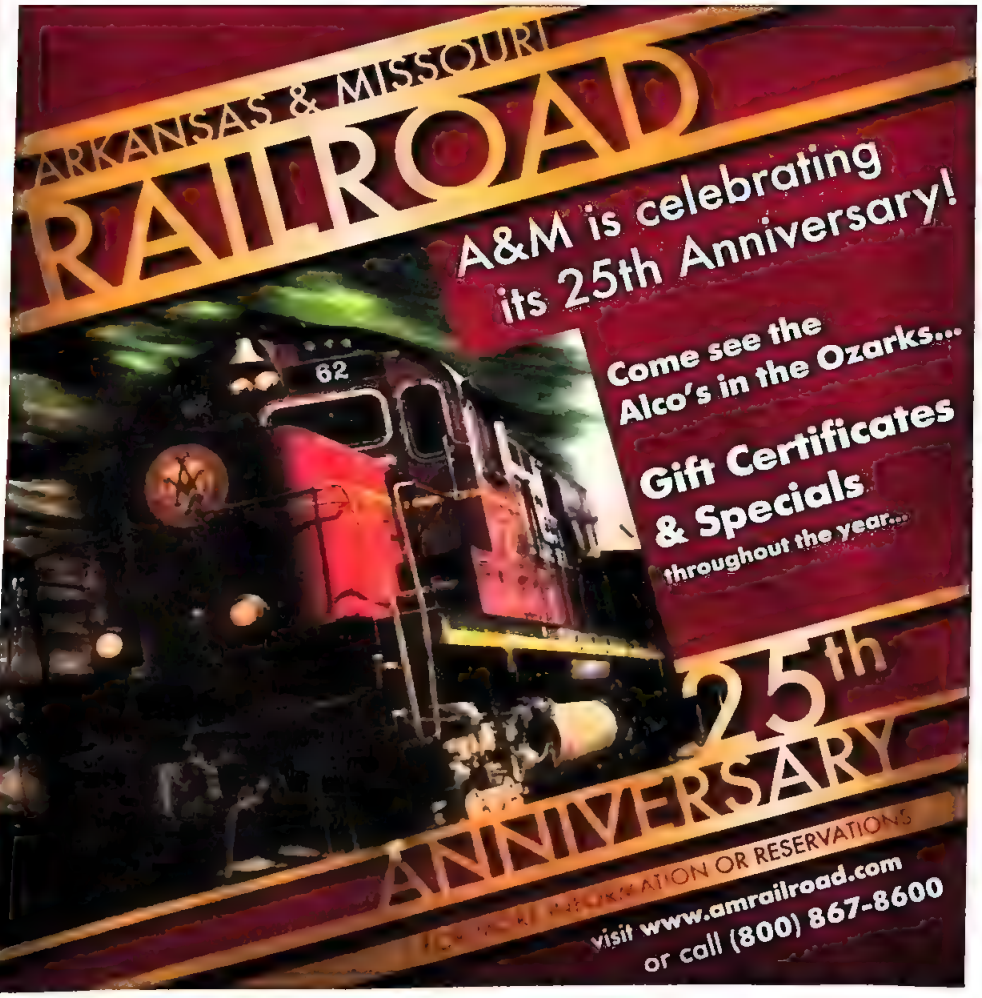
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How far can you travel for 15 cents?

A boy gathers railroad information in the pre-Internet age

How far can you travel for 15 cents? As a child in the early 1960s, I was traveling all over the country from my St. Louis home, thanks to 15 cents I kept sending and resending to railroad public relations departments, looking for "freebies."

It started with a visit to the Museum of Transport in Kirkwood, Mo., where I picked up a free booklet, "The Railroads of St. Louis." At the back was a list of the roads serving the city, with their corporate addresses. I don't know if it was my idea or my dad's, but I decided to send a letter to each railroad listed, enclosing 15 cents for return postage, asking for information.

Now, 15 cents was no small matter for a 9-year-old then. I did receive a weekly allowance of 25 cents, but I was also expected to deposit that quarter in Sunday's collection plate. I accumulated the required sum slowly, by redeeming soda bottles, at 2 cents each, that I found in roadside ditches.

Hometown favorite Missouri Pacific was my first target. In careful child's handwriting, I composed a letter, taped a dime and a nickel to a note card, and expectantly dropped it in the mailbox.

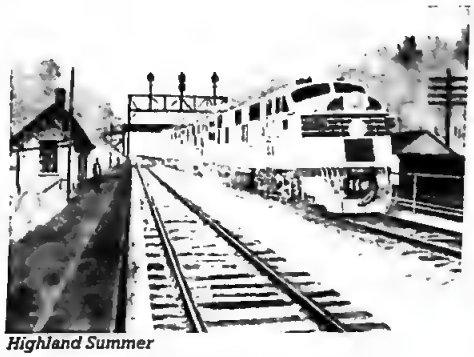
Soon a manila envelope arrived from the MoPac p.r. office, with eight cardstock photos of locomotives, four steam and four diesel. And my 15 cents was returned! I could write another railroad.

Gulf, Mobile & Ohio was next, which sent me a 1962 timetable, an EMD F3 builder's card, and a large postcard of an Alco FA—plus my 15 cents.

Jackpot time came with the next two roads, Burlington Route and Baltimore & Ohio. A bulging envelope came from CB&Q headquarters in Chicago, containing booklets for the *California Zephyr*, *Twin Cities Zephyr*, and *Denver Zephyr*; a guide to the road's modern freight service; a brochure on school trips; and four passenger-train postcards. The B&O was equally generous, sending a poster of a Howard Fogg painting featuring Alco FA's; brochures for Harper's Ferry, W.Va., and the B&O Museum; and a photo of F3's on a passenger train at Harper's Ferry.

Soon I'd covered the walls of my bedroom with railroad images. I pored over the various brochures, carefully repacking them into their original enve-

A booklet listing the addresses of St. Louis railroads (top right) inspired a boy's project that netted him a cornucopia of items from MoPac, GM&O, Burlington, B&O, and others. Total cost: 15 cents, plus a few first-class stamps at a nickel each.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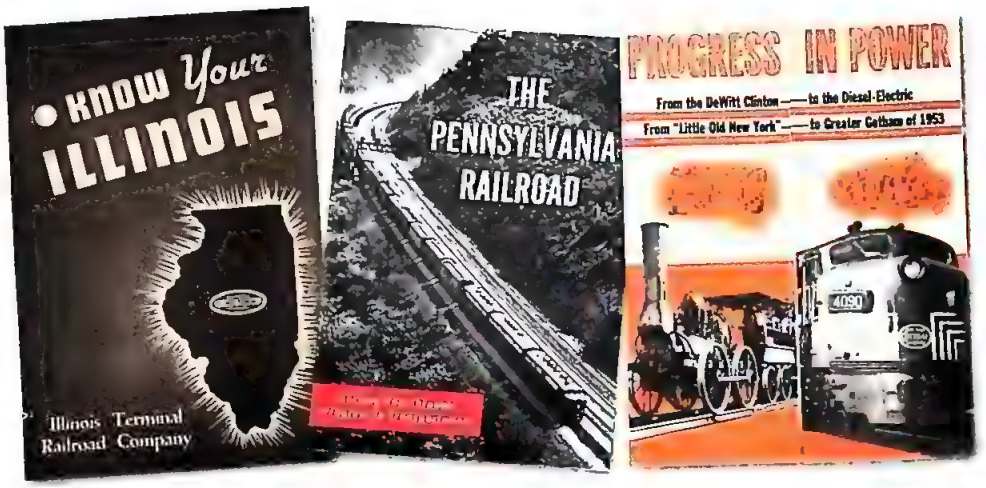
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PROGRESS IN POWER
From the DeWitt Clinton —— to the Diesel-Electric
From "Little Old New York" —— to Greater Gotham of 1953

Illinois Terminal, Pennsy, and NYC sent some choice items, but the project ended with Katy.

lopes after each perusal.

My string was broken when the small Illinois Terminal kept my 15 cents, but sent me two venerable classics: a 1954 public timetable and a 1930s "Know Your Illinois" fold-out map.

I wasn't ready to quit, though, so I scrounged up another 15 cents and wrote to the Pennsylvania. The giant road responded with three booklets, but it too kept my money.

My next target was the New York Central, which did return my 15 cents, along with a 1953 brochure featuring the 1830s *DeWitt Clinton* and a modern E unit on the cover.

That was my last exchange with a railroad p.r. department. What killed my project? ZIP codes. That wonderful booklet from the Museum of Transport was pre-ZIP code. What turned out to be my last note went to the Katy, and then bounced back, undelivered. Where could a kid find ZIP codes for corporate offices hundreds of miles away? My valued 15 cents ended its cross-country journeys. But I had a room decorated with railroad art, brochures and timetables to read, and a much greater understanding of the railroad world, thanks to my well-traveled Roosevelt and Jefferson.—*Michael G. Matejka*

Master of the E&W Turn

An extra-board brakeman on the NYC briefly assumes the role of "captain"

As a struggling schoolteacher in northern Indiana in the early 1960s, I worked a few summers as a brakeman on a couple of local railroads, including the New York Central out of Elkhart in 1960 and '62. With little seniority, naturally I was on the extra board. One of the jobs filled off the brakemen's board was the E&W (Elkhart & Western) Turn, which ran over an old Big Four line that crossed the St. Joseph River north of Elkhart, then headed west 11 miles to Mishawaka. The E&W Turn switched a few industries along the way and did a lot of work at the Ball-Band rubber-products plant in Mishawaka.

It was a good job because you were pretty much "hidden from view" back on that branch line and never pestered by officials checking up on you. Old heads liked the E&W because it was a daytime, home-every-night job, 16 hours on weekdays and 12 on Saturday, although the volume of work permitted a relaxed pace. You made good money, but spent a lot of hours on the job to get it! At least you had Sundays off. When a regular E&W man wasn't working for some reason, a brakeman from the extra board took his place.

One day in 1962, when I was filling in on the E&W Turn, we had finished all of our work except for delivering 8 cars of coal to, and pulling empties from, the Ball-Band power plant. The rest of the crew, but not the engineer,

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Lehigh & New England 2-8-0 No. 307 leads 2-10-0 No. 401 as they storm upgrade at Summit, Pa., on March 10, 1946, with an eastbound freight. White exhaust plumes emanating from the tenders indicate that the Consolidation and Decapod are, in a manner of speaking, helping themselves up the hill by means of "auxiliary locomotives," or "booster engines." Such devices took advantage of the fact that, although more tractive effort was required to start a train than to move it at higher speeds, less steam was used at starting. Booster engines, applied to a tender truck or, more commonly, the trailing truck of the locomotive itself, used the "excess" steam capacity to boost tractive effort at speeds up to about 15 mph.

Bob Collins; Gene Collora collection

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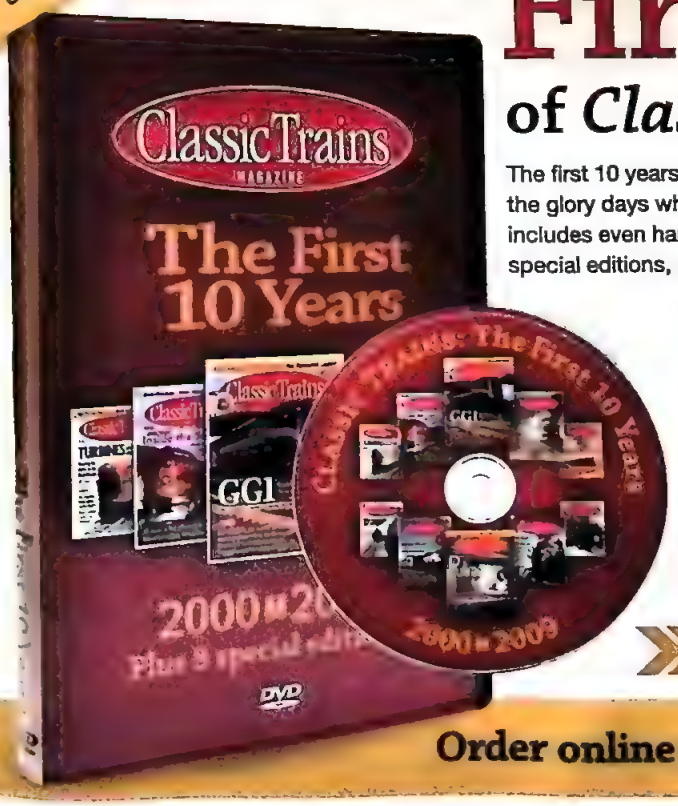

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decided to take their usual "refreshment" break at their usual "pop stand." The engineer and I waited for a while, knowing it would be an hour or more before the others were ready to deliver the coal and head for home. We did not care to be inside the "pop stand," whose main attraction was something stronger than soda pop.

Eventually the engineer said to me, "Why don't you and I take care of the coal so when the rest of the guys are ready we can all go home? Think you can do it?" I agreed, as I was not a total greenhorn on this job and had worked with this engineer a few times before. This meant that, as the senior (yes, *only*) member of the train crew aboard, I would be in charge of the train; strictly speaking, the engineer would be responding to *my* commands!

Away we went, backing toward the plant with caboose, 8 loads, and an EMD switcher. The rest of the crew had no idea what we were up to. I rode the

"Why don't you and I take care of the coal?" the engineer asked me. "Think you can do it?"

caboose platform and handled the air whistle used to warn motorists when we crossed busy Mishawaka Avenue. Even though this was a routine move, the engineer took it real easy for me. He was one of the good ones, for sure!

We pushed past the powerhouse switch, cut the caboose off, reached in with the loads, and pulled the empties out. After coupling the empties to the caboose, we spotted the loads. Then we coupled the engine to the empties and caboose and returned to the "refreshment" site, where we waited at least two hours for the rest of the crew to appear.

When they finally did emerge and we told them we had delivered the coal, the conductor was surprised to say the least. But he more or less accepted that what we had done was not a bad thing, since he knew the engineer would never do anything really foolish. We headed for home with me feeling proud that I, a part-time extra-board brakeman, had been in full charge of the train—at least for a short while!—*Drake E. Omstead*

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Car Stop

Baltimore's PCC era

Like many cities, Baltimore closed out its streetcar era with PCC cars, the streamlined design created in 1935 by the Electric Railway Presidents Conference Committee. The ERPCC's vice chairman was also president of the United Railways & Electric Co., which emerged from bankruptcy in 1935 as the Baltimore Transit Co. BTC was one of the first PCC buyers, receiving 28 from St. Louis Car in 1936, followed by 247 from Pullman-Standard during 1939–44. Plans for more PCC's were cancelled after National City Lines, a bus-oriented holding company with transit interests in more than 40 U.S. cities, gained control of BTC in 1945. Following a familiar National City scenario, BTC in 1955 announced its intention to go all-bus by 1960. The last non-PCC cars, some 1930-vintage Peter Witts, left the roster in 1956, and BTC began scrapping PCC's the same year. By 1958 only two car routes remained, Nos. 8 and 15, but BTC couldn't afford to convert them until 1963, when city financial assistance enabled it to kill them too. Three views of Pullman-Standard cars show the waning years of Baltimore trolleys. All wear the final BTC colors of dark yellow and gray, a National City scheme that replaced the cars' original blue, cream, gray, and orange. The September 1, 1958, view at right shows car 7403 working Route 8 on Fayette Street near Howard; Baltimore's unusually broad gauge of 5 feet 4½ inches, apparent in this view, dated from 1859 and was meant to match the wheel spacing of carriages. Below, car 7352 passes the imposing York Road car house in June 1960; this and six other Baltimore barns were designed by E. Francis Baldwin, architect of many notable Baltimore & Ohio Railroad buildings. At lower right, car 7088 is on the York Road portion of Route 8 on the last full day of streetcar service, November 2, 1963. The very last revenue run was a railfan charter early the next day using car 7407, now preserved along with several other local cars at the Baltimore Streetcar Museum.

Linn H. Westcott

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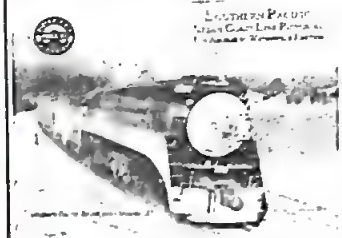

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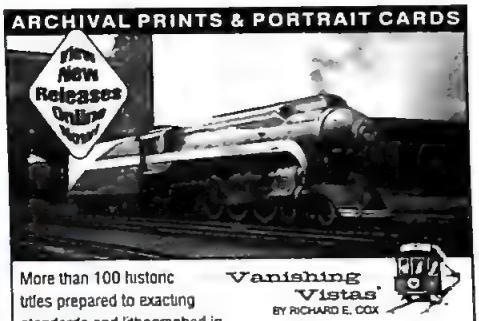

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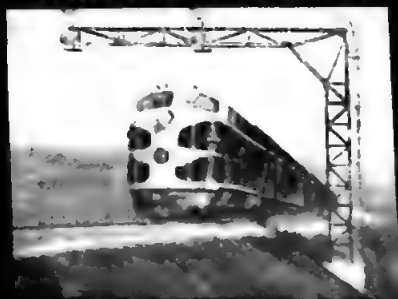

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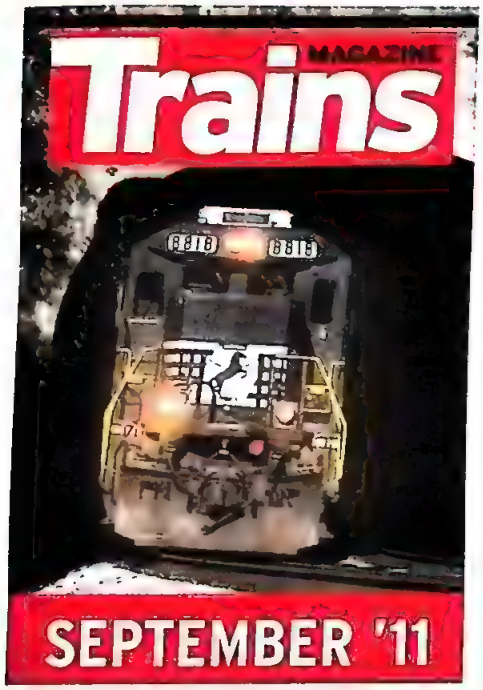

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First Out

This immense book can be an intimidating at first glance, with over 400 pages of text and photos. But if you're looking for an interesting story of what it was like to grow up in the late steam era, it's spot-on. Author McCreary has never been widely published, and hasn't actively photographed trains since the 1950s, yet with the quality of his photos you'd swear he had hung out with the likes of Bill Middleton or Jim Shaughnessy. In these pages are priceless images: from doubleheading Pennsy K4's to steam on the Baltimore & Ohio, Bessemer, Northern Pacific, Erie, and others. Early diesels aren't forgotten either. McCreary ties his railfan stories in with his family tree—this book is also his family history. The amount of information is monumental, such as a listing of every arrival and departure at St. Paul Union Depot in summer 1953. Don't let the simplistic title fool you, this is a monumental, thoroughly researched, and heavily illustrated look at railroading in the era of transition from steam to diesel.—*Steve Glischinski*

Train Pictures A Railfan's Memoir 1946-1957. Text by Charles B. McCreary, Photos by Charles B. McCreary and John W. Sachse, Additional photos by George B. McCreary. Malabar Rails Publishing, Minneapolis, Minn. Distributed by Itasca Books Distribution, 5120 Cedar Lake Road, Minneapolis, MN 55416; 952-345-4488; www.itascabooks.com; hardcover; 12 x 9 in.; 440 pages; $74.95.

Other Books

One of the most curious but spectacular events in 1960s railroading comes alive in this slim but fascinating account of New York Central's jet-powered RDC M-497. Authors Wetzel, a member of the team that designed the M-497, and Morris, an engineering editor, give us the inside story of the car that set a North American rail speed record of 183.85 mph on July 23, 1966. Profusely illustrated, the book explains how Central chose its experimental racer from a fleet of orthodox RDC's; how its Technical Research Center devised a way to fit a pair of engines from a B-36 bomber on the car's roof; and how NYC prepared a section of main line in Indiana and Ohio for the runs. We learn about what made the M-497 special, from its skirted sides and rakish front end to its cylindrical wheel treads and, of course, those roaring jets. Today, the episode often is seen as a bizarre footnote, given NYC President Al Perlman's success in slashing Central's passenger trains, but the M-497 did provide useful data on wheel and track dynamics. And, as this book amply shows, left us with some amazing action photos.—*Kevin P. Keefe*

Flight of the M-497. By Hank Morris and Don Wetzel. Published by the authors. Available at www.lulu.com; 8½ x 11 in.; 67 pages; softcover; $15.95.

Some new-line construction projects of the early 20th century by major U.S. railroads are well known, such as Milwaukee Road's ill-fated Pacific Extension, the Western Pacific, and the WP-Great Northern "Inside Gateway." In this informative work, veteran rail historian Roger Grant spotlights the other end of the scale in that period. He details the histories of eight short lines, one in each state in his defined Midwest, from Ohio to Minnesota to Missouri. You probably have heard of a few, but likely not all: Akron, Canton & Youngstown; Creston, Winterset & Des Moines; Detroit, Bay City & Western/Port Huron & Detroit; Electric Short Line/Minnesota Western; Ettrick & Northern; Illinois, Iowa & Minnesota/Chicago, Milwaukee & Gary; Missouri,

Arkansas & Gulf; and St. Joseph Valley. Created and constructed in the face of an expanding highway network, almost all these pikes failed (AC&Y did not—it became a Class 1, and its line survives). Some eyed becoming electric interurbans; some concentrated on freight, some passenger; some wound up with internal-combustion power. All were envisioned to be a boon to their home communities, which, prior to their coming were not on the national railroad network—and at least for a time, they all succeeded in that. But each story has differences, and that makes for an interesting read. Photos are modest in quantity but rare in subject. Students of short lines and/or Midwestern history will delight in this work.—*J. David Ingles*

Twilight Rails. By H. Roger Grant. University of Minnesota Press, 111 Third Avenue South, Suite 290, Minneapolis, MN 55401-2520; www.upress.umn.edu; hardcover; 7 x 10 in.; 280 pages, 45 B&W photos, 13 maps, 7 timetables and charts; $39.95.

Audio CD's

Jim Shaughnessy's photos of Pennsy 2-10-0's on the Elmira Branch [pages 52–57] are a fine visual record of the "Hippos," but what did they *sound* like? These two CD's, beautifully remastered from 1950s-era recordings by John M. Prophet III, enable us to hear the I1's, as well as their K4, T1, E6, M1, L1, G5, J1, H9, C1, and B6 stable mates. Between them the disks contain 61 tracks, 10 of which feature I1's, and 5 of those are on the Elmira Branch. However, the most dramatic Hippo sequences, both on Volume II, were recorded elsewhere. For 10 spellbinding minutes, we listen as an engineer urges his I1 away from the mainline coal dock at Denholm, Pa. Closing out the disk are seven tracks recorded on May 24, 1951, at a PRR-NYC crossing in Erie, Pa. The main act, four Hippos stopping and restarting an ore train, is accented by other movements, including a Central Hudson on a mail train.—*Robert S. McGonigal*

Steam on the Standard Railroad of the World, Volumes I and II. Semaphore Records, P.O. Box 22304, Alexandria, VA 22304; 610-999-9809; www.semaphorerecords.com; Volume I: 69 minutes, $15; Volume II: 66 minutes; $15.

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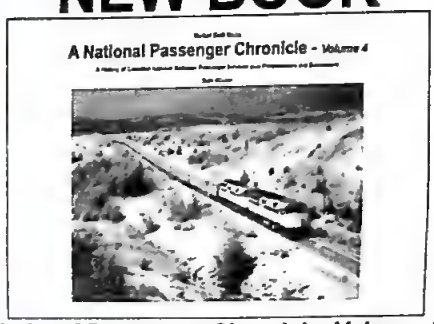

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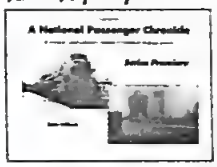

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Second Section

New Hope's iconic depot

A Victorian station's appeal spans three centuries and 2,800 miles

Harold K. Vollrath

Robert S. McGonigal

Enduring image: Signs in Sacramento (above) picture a steam train at the all-American depot in New Hope, Pa. (left).

Locomotive photographer Harold K. Vollrath [pages 62–69] couldn't pass up a shot of the Reading's depot at New Hope, Pa., when he and a pal bicycled there from Philadelphia on May 7, 1940 (those are their bikes next to the operator's bay, above). Built in 1891, it's a quintessential "quaint Victorian depot" that since 1966 has served as the base for New Hope & Ivyland Railroad tourist trains. Yes, steam trains still stop here, creating a scene recognizable to nearly every American. So recognizable, in fact, that a photo of an NH&I train at the New Hope depot appears on signs directing pedestrians to the 21st century trains at the Amtrak station in Sacramento, Calif., 2,800 miles away!—*Rob McGonigal*

St. Louis, 88 years later

Today St. Louis Union Station is a retail mall, with a hotel in the headhouse and a light-rail stop just steps away. To the south and east of the great trainshed, which today covers shops and parking areas, visitors to the area seen in the 1923 aerial photo ["Birds-Eye View," pages 70–71] will find the smokestack unchanged but a replica powerhouse, used for offices, taking the place of the original, owing to the failure of the original's foundation.

The 1940 brick interlocking Tower 1 (later "Perry Tower"), which replaced the tower in the 1923 photo, remains standing, but it's a gutted skeleton in an inaccessible area below the I-64/U.S. 40 viaduct. This is just west of the new Gateway Intermodal Station, which serves Amtrak, local and intercity buses, and light-rail trains. The tower's model board is preserved at the Museum of Transportation in Kirkwood, Mo.

The MoPac yard at the right in the aerial photo now is, of course, property of Union Pacific, somewhat reduced in size, and the old MP car shop has been incorporated into a corporate campus headquarters for Union Electric/Ameren, the local electric utility. Several of the old TRRA signal bridges still stand.

The 17th Street coach yard and 16th Street freight yard were modified during the 1929 relocation of the express buildings. The site was later cleared and filled with two new structures housing Veterans Administration and Social Security offices.—*Larry Thomas*

Still in the ATSF 'family'

There is yet another chapter to relate in the life of the former Jill Miller, who as an ill teenager in Duarte, Calif., was befriended by many Santa Fe Railway employees ["The Little White Frame House by the Tracks," pages 58–61]. Acclaimed photographer Stan Kistler, "Mr. Santa Fe," who keeps in frequent touch with her, as well as with author Jack Elwood in Fresno, provides this update: "Jill is still living, and in the Los Angeles area. She goes by Jill Gomez, now is age 78, and is doing well. Her first husband died, and she then married George Gomez, also deceased now. She had no children, but has led a full life with many, many friends." ■

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winetrain.com — **800-427-4124**

COLORADO — Alamosa

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610 State Street

Make your Colorado memories on the rails this year! Enjoy steam power seven days a week, standard-gauge comfort and new, scenic dome cars as you roll through dramatic mountain passes, colorful canyons and charming Colorado towns. Lots of wildlife, bring your camera! Close to Great Sand Dunes National Park & Preserve. Connection with Cumbres & Toltec available. Season runs May-Oct, special events year-round.

www.coloradotrain.com — **877-726-RAIL**

COLORADO — Golden

Colorado Railroad Museum
17155 W 44th Avenue

Colorado RAILROAD Museum

Lose track of time year round at the Depot Museum featuring over 100 engines, cabooses and coaches on 15-acre scenic rail yard. Also, renowned library, roundhouse restoration facility and working turntable. Train rides every Saturday. Group rates and programs available.

www.ColoradoRailroadMuseum.org — **800-365-6263**

COLORADO — Leadville

LEADVILLE COLORADO & SOUTHERN
326 East 7th

Schedule 2011 May 28 - June 17 one trip at 1:00pm. June 18 - August 19 two trips at 10:00am and 2:00pm. August 20 - October 9 one trip at 1:00pm *weekdays*. Weekends at 10 am and 2pm. Spectacular trip travels into the high Rocky Mountains, the railroad follows old C&S roadbed, & 1893 restored depot. Family friendly, pets allowed. For more info visit our web site.

www.leadville-train.com — **866-386-3936**

GEORGIA — Folkston

FOLKSTON FUNNEL
3795 Main Street

The "Folkston Funnel" is CSXT's double track line which serves as the main artery for ninety percent of the railroad traffic into and out of Florida. From the train viewing platform visitors can watch upwards of 60 trains a day pass through this charming southeast Georgia town. The platform is equipped with scanner, fans, electricity, internet, & flood lights for night train watching. Across the street is the restored Train Depot, home to our Train Museum & gift shop. The Depot has a new covered pavilion perfect for a picnic or cookout. Plenty of open areas for taking pictures or video. If you love trains, you'll love Folkston.

www.folkston.com — **912-496-2536**

ILLINOIS — Monticello

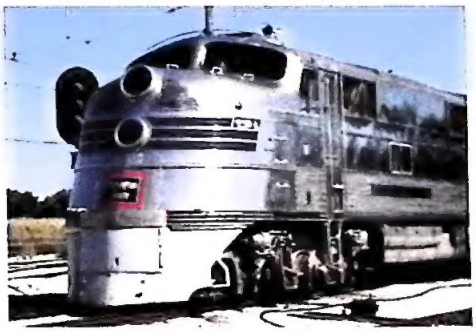
MONTICELLO RAILWAY MUSEUM
993 Iron Horse Place

Weekends, May thru Oct. Board trains at museum site or Wabash Depot in Monticello for an 8-mile round trip. Wabash F7A/CN FPA-4/Alco RS-3 IC GP-11 Milw. NW2. Want to run the train? Ask about Throttle Time. Call/write for brochure & 2011 schedule. See website for steam schedule.

www.mrym.org — **877-762-9011**

ILLINOIS — Union

ILLINOIS RAILWAY MUSEUM
7000 Olson Road



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www.irm.org — **815-923-4000**

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INDIANA — Connersville

WHITEWATER VALLEY RAILROAD
5th and Grand

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www.whitewatervalleyrr.org — **765-825-2054**

KANSAS — Topeka

GREAT OVERLAND STATION
701 N. Kansas Avenue

This historic Union Pacific depot has been restored to its 1927 grandeur as *The Great Overland Station*. Located along the Oregon Trail, the Station tells the story of Topeka and its railroad heritage. The Union Pacific depot and All Veterans Memorial is a signature landmark for Topeka.

www.greatoverlandstation.com — **785-232-5533**

NEW YORK — Medina

MEDINA RAILROAD MUSEUM
530 West Ave.

WNY Railroad history on display. World's largest collection of RR artifacts, memorabilia, photos and models on display. Plus huge HO scale train layout 14 ft. by 204 ft. Home of the NYC E-8's #4068 & #4080.

www.railroadmuseum.net — **585-798-6106**

PENNSYLVANIA — Robertsdale

FRIENDS OF THE EAST BROAD TOP
550 Main Street

Combine a trip to the East Broad Top Railroad with a visit to the railroad's original southern operating terminus. Museum open first and third weekends, May through October, 10-5 Saturdays and 1-5 Sundays. Special fall open house hours October 8-9.

www.febt.org — **814-635-2388**

UTAH — Heber City

HEBER VALLEY RAILROAD
450 South 600 West

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www.hebervalleyrailroad.org — **435-654-5601**

WEST VIRGINIA — Elkins

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Located in Elkins & Durbin, WV

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www.lumberjacksteamtrain.com — **715-674-3414**

Linn H. Westcott

Pennsy and Reading in Harrisburg

A few blocks from the state capitol building in Harrisburg, Pa., the passenger stations of the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads once stood side by side. At the left in this April 1948 view looking northwest is part of the PRR station, a 10-track, through-type depot marked by twin train sheds and an 1887 head building. Here dozens of long- and medium-distance trains paused each day to receive and discharge passengers, exchange cars, and switch to or from electric locomotives. In the center is the Reading's considerably quieter and more modest stub-end terminal, whose 1902 head building presented a grand Neoclassical facade to Market Street but was rather plain on the side facing the tracks. Just arrived is a long consist that might be the *Harrisburg Special*, one of two name trains (with the *Queen of the Valley*) on the Jersey Central-RDG New York-Allentown-Reading-Harrisburg route. Today the beautifully restored Pennsy station is busy with Amtrak *Keystone Service* trains and the *Pennsylvanian*. The Reading station was not so fortunate, being razed in the early 1960s to make way for a new central post office. RDG's Harrisburg passenger service ended June 30, 1963, when the *Queen* made its last run. The single-track connection between the RDG and PRR in this photo is now a double-track segment of Norfolk Southern's Northeast-to-Pittsburgh freight artery. ■

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Fantastic 4-8-4 Locomotives arrives in late November 2011.

Robert Milner photo

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